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# Leslie's Illustrated Weekly



## Christmas • MCMCX

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# Leslie's

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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### CONTENTS

Cover Design—Drawn by . . . . .	A. G. Hull	3
A Homemade Christmas Tree . . . . .	Photographic Study	3
Editorials . . . . .		4
Christmas Eve in Bethlehem—Former Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks . . . . .	Illustrated with Photographs	5
People Talked About . . . . .	Illustrated with Photographs	6
Joys of the Christmas Dinner—Photographs . . . . .		7
Rose Mary and God's Angels—Story . . . . .	Leon Rutledge Whipple	8
Christmas Morning—Verse . . . . .	Minna Irving	8
Bulletin of Recent Events—Photographs . . . . .		9
The Wolf, the Lamb and the Little Child . . . . .	Rev. David J. Burrell	10
Two Christmas Eves—Story . . . . .	Patricia Wentworth	11
The Hold Up—Drawing . . . . .	George F. Kerr	13
The Violin—Story . . . . .	James Oliver Curwood	14
Angels of Sorts—Story . . . . .	Owen Oliver	15
The Christmas I Remember—Symposium . . . . .		17
The Gentle Christmas Gifter—Drawing . . . . .	James Montgomery Flagg	18
A Belated Christmas Present—Story . . . . .	Katharine M. Bellinger	20
A Christmas Gift for Mr. Get-On-In-The-World . . . . .	Albert Frederick Wilson	21
Pals—Drawing . . . . .	Zim	22
The Passing of the Love-Letter—Essay . . . . .	George Jean Nathan	23
The Carol of the Christmas Tree—Verse . . . . .	Arthur Guiterman	24
The Poet's Gift—Verse . . . . .	Shaemas OSheel	24
Christmas Eve in the Navy—Drawing . . . . .	T. Dart Walker	25
Christmas at the Pole—Verse . . . . .	Lowell O. Reese	26
Life Insurance Suggestions . . . . .		28
Jasper's Hints to Money-makers . . . . .		30

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**Next Week's Issue**

Dated December 15th, 1910

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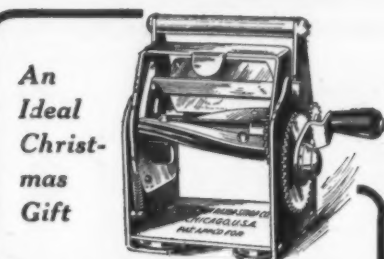
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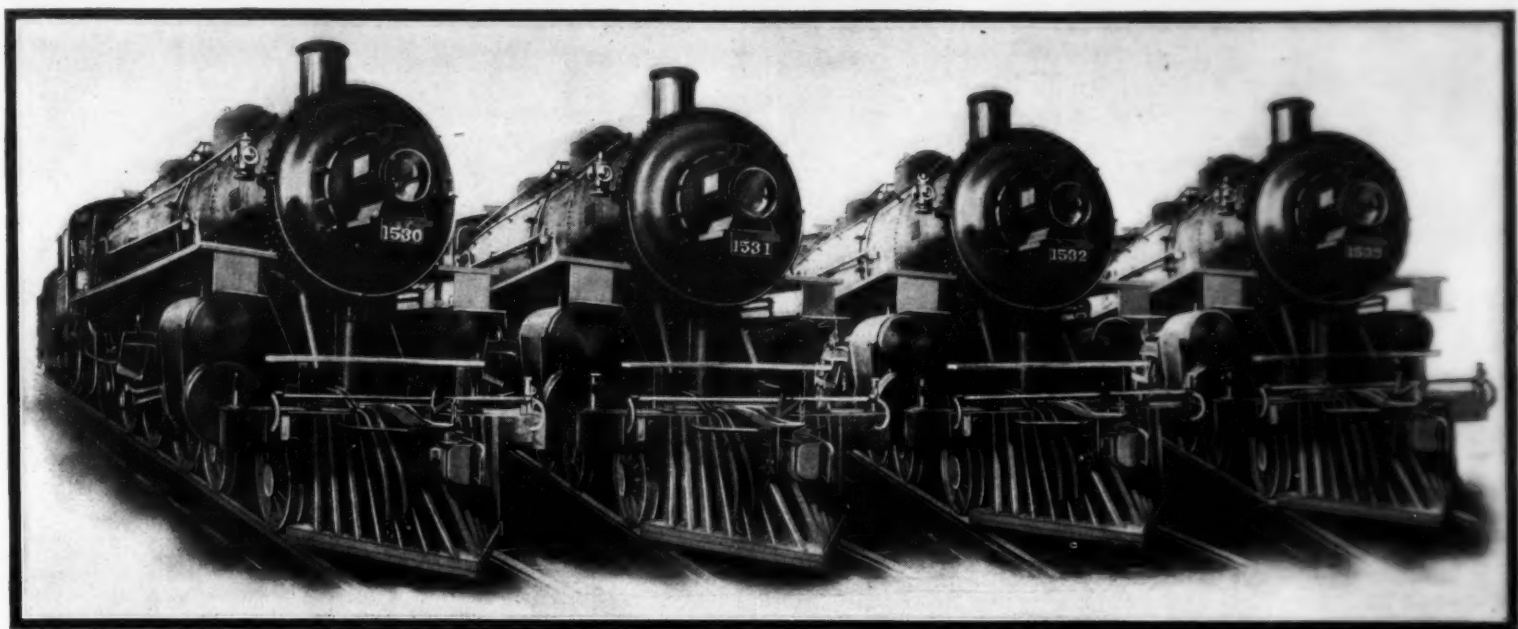
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# Leslie's

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

"In God We Trust."



CXI.

Thursday, December 8, 1910

No. 2883

### The Distinctive Christmas Spirit.

**R**ESIDENT TAFT, in his Thanksgiving proclamation, recited the achievement in the field of international peace as being the crowning blessing of the year. The gospel of peace, world-wide peace, is the crowning characteristic of the Christmas festival. The rendering of the angel chorus as given in the Revised Version of the Scriptures may be a more literal translation, but we incline to think the world will always treasure the old version of the heavenly song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." Language has no finer phrase than this, "On earth peace, good-will to men," and no words could better crystallize the very core of the Christmas message.

In their national celebration Norway and Sweden have gotten closer to the real spirit of the day than the majority of countries. At this season every one is expected to be at peace with his neighbor. All quarrels cease and the courts are absolutely closed. A pretty symbol of the spirit is the Yule-night practice of placing in a row every pair of shoes in each household, typifying that during the year the family will live in peace and harmony. If at some time during the season's celebration the church does not devote at least one service to exalting this call for peace, not simply in its bearing on the life of the individual, but in its application to the world-wide peace movement, it will fail of its opportunity.

In this connection there may be a lesson, too, for the press, the most potent molder of public opinion throughout the land. At this sacred season the voices that make for misunderstanding, discord and strife should be stilled, and that section of the press whose bread and meat is to stir up class hatred and social discord should consider if there be not a better way to cure the ills of society. The agencies that sow discontent have always been with us, and from flaming apostles of discord we have already suffered too long. The insistent need of the hour is a press that honestly discriminates in its condemnation of men and measures, especially in its attacks on the individual, and which refuses to foment discord, even though such a course would bring popularity in some quarters.

Sensationalism stirs up ill-feeling and strife, and has yet to solve any problem aright. The great economic questions now before the American people, the differences between labor and capital, already sufficiently acute without being magnified, the high cost of living, child labor, tenement-house reform and a score of other problems so intimately affecting the economic and social welfare of the people, should be discussed by the press in an impartial way that makes for peaceful solution. This is the slower method of education which always stands for peace.

### Wonderful Transformation in Labor.

**W**ORKMEN fail to realize the tremendous improvement in industrial conditions characterizing the last half century. So marked has been the evolution that it might almost be called a revolution. In the office of the Browne & Sharpe Manufacturing Company, of Providence, R. I., hangs a copy of the schedule of the hours of labor required by the Providence Machine Company when Mr. Sharpe's father was employed there in 1847-48. Except during May, June and July, when it began at four-fifty-five, work began at sunrise. Workmen had their breakfast before beginning the day's work only in the months of November, December, January and February. During the rest of the year breakfast was served anywhere from six-thirty to seven-thirty, and forty minutes only were allowed for it. Seven o'clock was the average time for ending the day's work. While there was little artificial illumination, and that inadequate, nevertheless during the short days from November to February work was kept up till seven o'clock. Sixty years ago the hours of factory employment seemed to have been fashioned after those on the farm, where conditions are so different.

With the old, wood-burning stoves, which heated fiercely the area near by, but sent little warmth to remoter parts of the great rooms, with small windows affording meager light except on the brightest days, and with no ventilation, the sanitary conditions fifty years ago fell far below those prevailing in a modern factory. At present, too, men receive a much higher wage for a much shorter period of work; but here it is hard to make an equitable comparison, as the purchasing power of money was different then from what it is now. The wants of the workingman were far simpler fifty years ago than they are to-day. He now lives upon a higher plane in every way and is able to give his children a good education, thus giving them a start in life that makes for success. In the abolition of child labor and of hard work for women, in the introduction, too, of safety devices, much has yet to be accomplished; but the lot of the workmen of to-day marks a big advance over what it was the middle of the last century.

### No More Muddling.

**"THE RAILROADS** must get out of politics and get in with the people." This is the declaration of that eminent financier, Otto H. Kahn, of the great New York banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., on his recent return from an extended tour of the West. He was wonderfully impressed with the splendid business opportunities the West, and especially the Pacific coast, holds out. He says that much money will be required for the building of its railroad extensions and industrial works, and the investor of moderate means must supply the cash. Before he will do so he will demand "greater security against the effects of disturbances and agitation." It is always the investor of moderate means who is injured by such agitation. Men of wealth can foresee disaster in time to escape. Mr. Kahn believes that this agitation is on the decline, and on that belief he predicates a renewal of prosperous conditions throughout the country. He further

states that "there is no need of strife between the railroads and the people who use them," that railroad men are not fools and understand and appreciate the feelings and aims of the people, and that the people can understand the railroad men, "provided no one comes in between them to muddle up matters."

Mr. Kahn is right. It is unfortunate that the railroads of the country have been so tardy in recognizing the need of more intimate relations with the people. They are recognizing that need to-day and are obeying the law. They are doing their best to build up the country, to pay increasing wages and to stiffen the backbone of prosperity. But the "muddlers" are not satisfied. They are willing that the railroads should increase wages and pay their share of the higher cost of everything they utilize, but they are not willing that the railroads should slightly increase freight rates on a few commodities to enable them to continue to extend their lines and to improve their properties.

Mr. Kahn says that "the railroads have got to throw the politicians overboard and go straight to the plain people." Let it also be borne in mind that the people must throw overboard the muck-raking "muddlers" who are doing their wickedest work in blocking prosperity's right of way.

### The Plain Truth.

**THE MAN** who thinks ahead is the man who gets ahead.

**WE FEAR** that Governor-elect Foss, of Massachusetts, hasn't as level a head as the Democratic Governor-elect of New York, Mr. Dix. The latter has distinctly declared that he will not interfere in the Democratic struggle over the senatorship from this State. The Democratic Governor-elect of Massachusetts, on the other hand, in a sort of a high and mighty way, has served notice on Senator Lodge that he must retire from the contest and make way for a new man. It is not surprising that this wretched exhibition of big-headedness has shocked those good-natured and so-called "progressive" Republicans who by their votes made Foss's election to the governorship possible. We are inclined to believe that his unexpected and obtrusive interference with the senatorial struggle in his State will be helpful rather than harmful to Senator Lodge. At all events, it ought to be.

**ALL** Christian nations celebrate Christmas, but no two celebrate it precisely alike. The legend varies greatly as to its structure; its patron saint, usually a man, is sometimes a woman. In Russia it is old Dame Babonca who distributes the gifts on her way to Bethlehem in search for the Wise Men and the Christ Child, while in sunny Italy it is Mother Goose who does Santa Claus's bidding. But whether the patron saint be the legendary character seeking the Babe in the manger or the jolly individual who goes about scattering gladness and good cheer, the custom of remembering others with gifts is an essential feature of the observance everywhere, and the varying legends, when traced far enough, always come back to the Christ Child. We observe the day best when in our giving we reproduce the same spirit that prompted the patron saints of the different legends.

**CHRISTMAS** is the season when the dark spirit of selfishness is supposed to be outlawed, yet in our very preparations to remember friends there may be developed a species of selfishness. The purchase of gifts gets to be a wild scramble as the day draws near, each thinking of himself alone—seeking to have his own wants satisfied, irrespective of the rights of others. Very few of the millions of Christmas shoppers give any serious thought to the thousands of workers who serve them and who have to toil long hours under great pressure to keep up with the demands of the season's trade. There is no movement more in accord with the true spirit of Christmas than that which has gained such headway in the last two or three years, calling for early shopping, taking one's bundles wherever possible instead of asking them to be delivered, and general thoughtfulness for the comfort and the rights of others.

**"THE ONE** cloud that hangs over the business situation is the Sherman anti-trust law." This significant statement was made at the notable banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce, by its President, the eminent financier, the Hon. A. Barton Hepburn. He added this startling declaration in the presence of five hundred of the best type of New York's business men: "The most law-abiding manager cannot be sure whether he is conforming to the law or not. This uncertainty must continue until suits now pending in the Supreme Court are decided." Those who have been wondering why we have not had a return of the full tide of prosperity need not go further. Mr. Hepburn has made the matter clear. All over the country business interests are breathlessly awaiting the pending decision of the United States Supreme Court in the two great industrial cases now before it, and it is only the confidence of the people in the good judgment and common sense as well as the legal ability of that court which prevents the business reaction from going much further and much faster.

**THE ATTITUDE** of the Wright brothers toward Sunday racing is illustrative of the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it." By the teaching and example of their father, a minister of the United Brethren Church, they were so thoroughly grounded in proper respect for the Lord's Day that they have never departed from their boyhood training. Following the example of Europe, there is a strong disposition to make Sunday the big day for aeroplane racing in this country also. In the recent international meet at Belmont Park, the inducement to participate in Sunday contests was particularly strong, but the inflexible Wrights did not yield to it. The Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell, writing, as president of the Sabbath Association, to the brothers, well said, "Your attitude in this matter commends you to the sincere respect not only of all members of Christian churches, but of all good citizens who believe the safeguard of our republic is due regard for the sanctity of law." The Sunday aeroplane races at Belmont Park, it must be understood, were quite as much a violation of the penal code as horse racing would have been. While all encouragement possible should be given to aeroplane racing and the consequent improvement of the flying machine, Sunday contests are not an essential part of the program. America must not follow the lead of the continental sporting Sunday.

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# Christmas Eve in Bethlehem

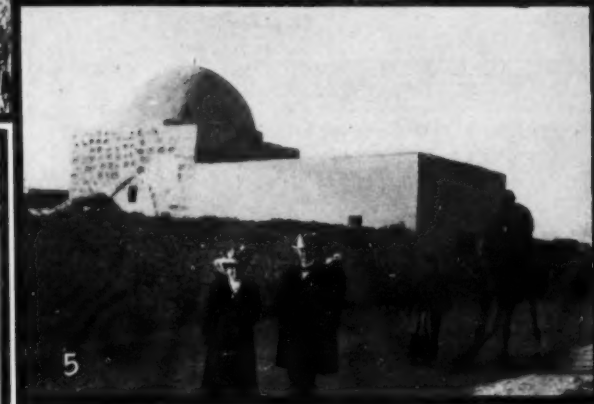
The Charming Story of a Little Party of Americans Who Followed the Star of Bethlehem from Jerusalem

By Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, Former Vice-President of the United States

**I** LONG entertained the wish that some time I might spend Christmas in the city of Bethlehem. The opportunity to do so came last year. We reached Egypt early in the month of December, and there made our plans to spend Christmas in the city where the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour possesses unusual charm. We reached Jaffa, the nearest port upon the Mediterranean to Jerusalem, on the morning of the twenty-third of December. We were fortunate in effecting a speedy landing, for vessels are frequently prevented for days from landing their passengers in small boats, because of the rough sea, and not infrequently they are carried by to some other port. We were met upon our arrival by the venerable agent of the United States, Mr.

We reached Jerusalem as darkness was fast coming on. We were yet able to discern the outlines of the Holy City, which were quite familiar to us, although we had not looked on them before. The population of the place is put down at 60,000, two-thirds of which are Jews, 13,000 Christians and 7,000 Moslems. The streets are very irregular, and are, as a rule, narrow and poorly paved. The houses are constructed of stone, for this material is in embarrassing abundance everywhere.

Our hotel was situated across a narrow street from the Castle of David, some portions of which have come down from the days of the King after whom it is named. We found there a few Americans and several Europeans, a much smaller number than we had expected, who had come to the



- 1.—A LITTLE SIDE JOURNEY TO THE DEAD SEA.
- 2.—ENTERING BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS DAY.
- 3.—ON THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN.
- 4.—AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD STOOD THE GOOD SAMARITAN INN.
- 5.—MR. AND MRS. FAIRBANKS AT RACHEL'S TOMB.
- 6.—COMING UP FROM JERICO WITH A CAMEL TRAIN.

Hardegg, who extended to us every possible attention and courtesy.

Early in the afternoon our train departed for Jerusalem, which was some fifty-four miles distant, or, measured by the time required to make the journey, it was some three and one-half hours away. The accommodations were somewhat meager. We had been given some special privileges, which we proceeded to share with some American lady travelers who were, like ourselves, bound for Jerusalem. We passed the orange gardens near Jaffa, and soon caught a glimpse of the mountains of Judea in the distance to the east. The territory through which we went was filled with historic memories of the most interesting character. The plowmen were in their fields, plowing with crooked sticks, drawn sometimes by a camel and a donkey, or by very small oxen, as doubtless had been customary for many centuries. The agricultural industry which we observed on our way was of the most primitive sort, the land rich only in its historic traditions.

We and our fellow-travelers plied the guides with many questions; in addition, we consulted the Bible and our guide books—the former the best guide of all; in fact, the foundation of all trustworthy information which we obtained. After we had traveled some thirty miles we reached the mountains. To the left as we entered them we were shown Samson's Cavern. The mountains were, in the main, barren rock. Here and there was a small terrace, where a few olive trees and grapes were grown. In the valleys the arable areas were small, indeed; they were given up mainly to the production of vegetables, olives and grapes. Goats and sheep were herded by shepherds, and ranged over the hills, eking out what seemed to us a rather precarious existence.

ancient city, like ourselves, in order that they might celebrate Christmas by a visit to Bethlehem. The season for the great body of tourists had not yet opened, and those who had come hither were impelled to do so by the same sentimental considerations which actuated us. The morning of the twenty-fourth opened fair and pleasant; the day was ideal. We visited, early in the forenoon, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which has for centuries been considered by many to be the site of the crucifixion, burial and resurrection of our Saviour. Two churches are said to have been consecrated upon the sacred spot early in the fourth century. Some eminent Englishmen, among the number General Gordon, have entertained the opinion that the real Golgotha lay north of the present city.

Late in the forenoon of the day before Christmas we took a carriage for Bethlehem, which is situated five and one-half miles distant. Our journey lay over a fairly good road. We saw a few Americans and a few people from other countries, who were making the journey upon foot or by carriage, and who were studying, as we were, the different objects of historic interest that crowded about upon every hand. We were particularly interested in the Well of the Magi, where, according to tradition, "the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was." A number of camels and donkeys were stopped there for water. Within a half mile of Bethlehem and upon our right stood the traditional Tomb of Rachel. A little beyond this we came to the fork of the roads, the right branch of which leads on to Hebron, and the one to the left, which we took, leads on to Bethlehem.

Bethlehem, "the home of David and the

(Continued on page 29)



LOOKING OUT OVER THE SEA OF GALILEE.



# People Talked About

IT IS creditable to Governor Carroll, of Iowa, that he had the courage of his convictions in the selection of a suitable man to fill the chair in the United States Senate left vacant by the death of Mr. Doliver. In choosing the Hon. Lafayette Young, he has



Hon. Lafayette Young.  
The newly appointed Senator from Iowa, a popular newspaper editor.

put forward one of the strongest, most vigorous and eloquent defenders of the faith that the Republican party has ever had. Editor Young is a native Iowan and is now sixty-two years old. He has been the publisher of the Des Moines Capital for the past twenty years. Since his boyhood he has been connected with the newspaper business in Iowa and has attained much editorial prominence. While campaigning with General Shafter in the Cuban war, the title of Colonel was bestowed upon Mr. Young. Colonel Young had been an influential factor as an Iowa standpatter for many years and has consistently and steadily stood by Governor Carroll. At the Philadelphia convention in 1900, Colonel Young nominated Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President. He has twice been delegate at large from Iowa to the Republican national convention and for twelve years was a member of the Iowa senate.

IT WILL not be the fault of the W. C. T. U. if the cause of prohibition does not bring about lasting results. The ladies of that famous organization are ceaseless in their bitter warfare against the liquor evil. Chief among them, and an uncompromising opponent, is Miss Anna A. Gordon, of Evanston, Ill. The roster of her offices in the organization reads like a college president's appendage of honorary degrees. She is vice-president at large of the National W. C. T. U., honorary secretary of the World's W. C. T. U., world's superintendent of Children's Work and officer of a State branch. That, however, does not exhaust the record of her activity. She writes temperance books that command wide attention. She has been in temperance work for thirty-three years, beginning as private secretary for Frances E. Willard, with whom she was associated for twenty-one years. It is said that few people know as much about the temperance movement as Miss Gordon. Her genius for administration and inventive resources have given the campaign impetus and influence.

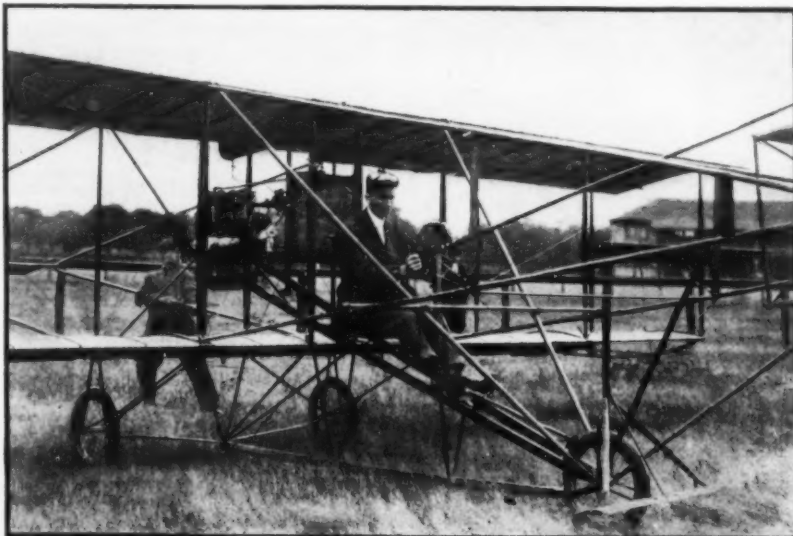


Miss Anna A. Gordon.  
One of the foremost workers in the cause of temperance.

FREDERICK DEMMIN, of Peoria, Ill., has the distinction of being the father of twenty-two children, all living and healthy. When he counted noses one day recently there were only twenty, but the next morning two more were added to the flourishing family. Demmin was married at the age of twenty, and the latest twins were the fourth set to invade his home. The others, fourteen in number, were all born singly. Demmin is forty-seven years old, is a railroad section man and has never received more than one dollar and fifty cents per day. He can give no special plan on how he solves the cost of living, but declares that he is happy and contented and goes to work every day with a full dinner pail and saves his money.

MX

SOME time ago Rear-Admiral Evans pooh-poohed the idea that the aeroplane could ever be an important factor in naval warfare. Naturally he encountered opposite opinions. Eugene B. Ely, an intrepid aeronaut of the Curtiss school, was willing to show what was what. Not only will the airship be a valuable reconnoitering vehicle, he said, but it can be made an auxiliary of a warship. "Prove it!" cried the critics. He did, from the deck of the cruiser Birmingham, at Fort Monroe, Virginia, on November 14th. It was doubtful whether there was room on the forward deck of a cruiser for the run which an aeroplane must make on its wheels before it is raised by the whirling of the propeller, aided by manipulation of the forward planes. On terra firma the run can be made for a considerable distance without danger to the aeronaut before the machine takes the air, and it may dip to the earth and again run on its wheels so far as there are no obstructions. The attempt to rise can be made as often as is necessary. Aviator Ely's attempt was highly successful. The weather conditions were unfavorable. He rose rapidly from the deck, skimmed the water and four minutes later he



Eugene B. Ely.

Who has demonstrated the usefulness of the aeroplane as a naval auxiliary.

landed safely on Willoughby Spit. The impact with which the machine struck the water after its thirty-seven-foot drop from the front of the cruiser scarred one of the propeller blades as though a heavy saw had gone along its edge, and a small piece was split from the blade. But the speed of the aeroplane was not lessened and it darted away with express-train rapidity. Naval experts who witnessed the flight expressed their belief that the navies of the world in the future must take the aeroplane into consideration when mapping out plans of action.

MX

TOM LOATES, the jockey, who died in England recently, left a fortune of about \$1,125,000, largely the result of careful investments made by him under the guidance of Leopold de Rothschild, his chief employer. Loates twice won the Derby, the greatest English race event—in 1889, on the Duke of Portland's Donovan, and in 1893, on the late H. McCalmont's Isinglass. In this latter race the time, 2 minutes 33 seconds, is still a record for the event.

MX

ONE OF the most curious events in public life is the fact that there is a man in the government service who refused a higher salary when it was offered to him. He is Charles P. Grandfield, First Assistant Postmaster-General. The offer meant that he would have to give up his present position at \$5,000 a year and become postmaster of Washington at \$6,000 a year. After having been appointed and confirmed as postmaster, he continued to hold his present office for about eight months and finally decided to keep the place. General Grandfield has been in the First Assistant Postmaster-General's office in different capacities for twenty-five years and he did not want to leave. More than that, Postmaster-General Hitchcock wanted Grandfield as his chief assistant. He was chief clerk

of the First Assistant's office when Hitchcock held that position and was advanced when Hitchcock became the head of the department. General Grandfield prefers the general and broader scope of departmental work rather than the restricted routine of a city post-



Charles P. Grandfield.  
He refused a higher salary because he can do better work where he is.

office. And, besides, there is pending in Congress a post-office reorganization bill, having for its purpose, among other reforms, the keeping of efficient subordinates in the department permanently. This will be an advantage, as it takes the average man quite a long time to become familiar with the business of such an extensive organization. The bill provides for a director of posts, who shall have general supervision of the business of the department and continue in office unless removed for cause. General Grandfield may be selected for that position if the bill becomes a law.

MX

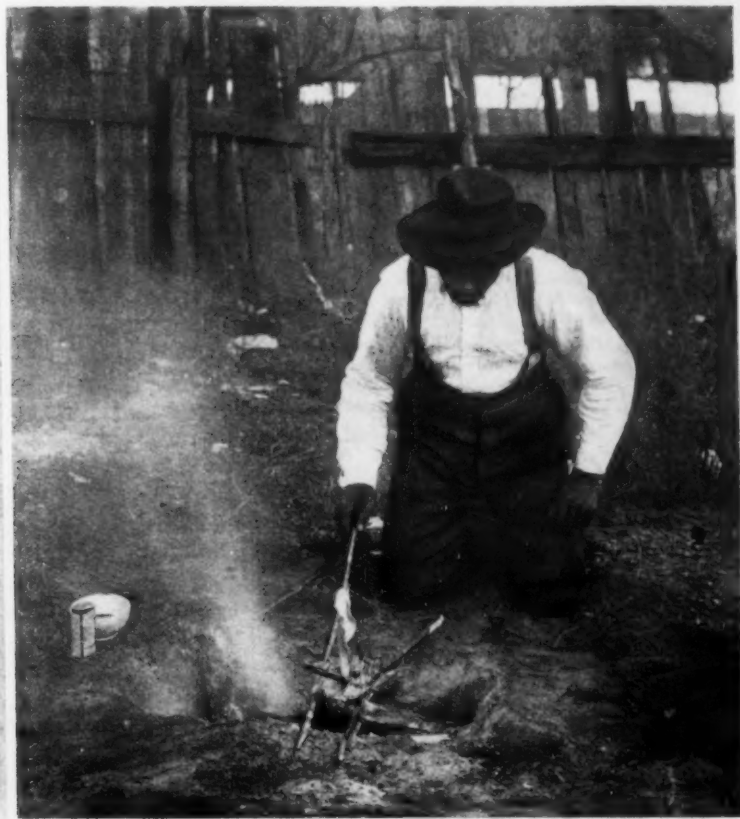
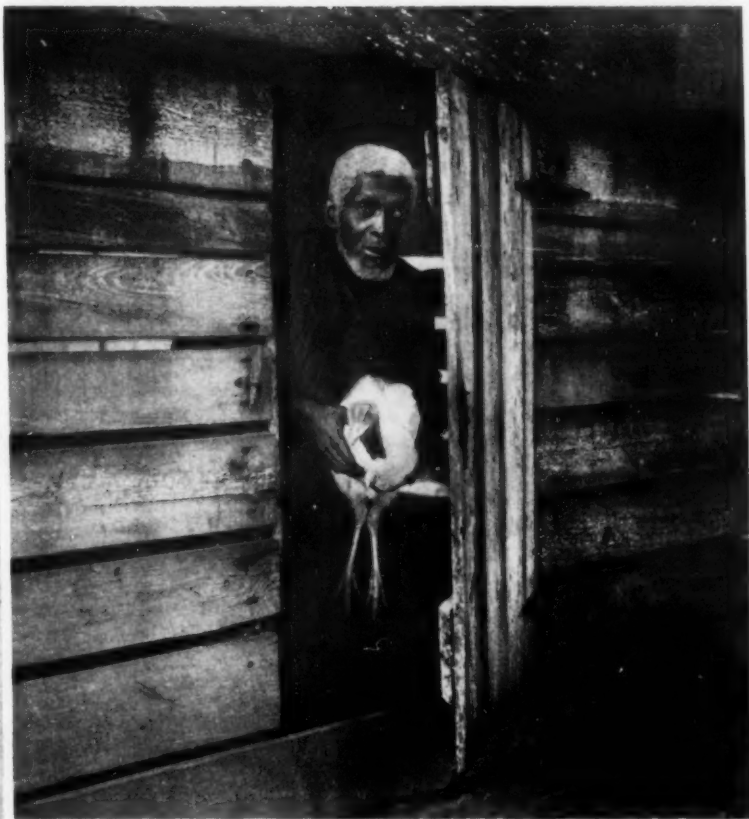
CERTAIN it is that "Uncle Joe" Cannon will cast aside the toga he has worn so long. The speakership of the House of Representatives will be open for occupancy. The best man—with the best backing—will get it. When we glance down the list of men who think and whose friends think that they would look well as chieftains of the majority our eye pauses at two names—William E. Sulzer, of New York, and Champ Clark, of Missouri. Both are men of excellent character, forceful personality and spotless reputation. Now, Congressman Sulzer is New York's one best bet for that speakership. New York thinks he ought to have it. Why? Well, first, because Mr. Sulzer is just the kind of man to fill the bill. More? Because New York's services to the country merit a little substantial recognition of that kind. Then, too, the Democrats of New York helped make possible the vacancy of the speaker's chair. Helped make? Why, they just about did make it possible! Mr. Sulzer is ranking Democratic member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He also sits with the Committee on Patents. The New York Democracy thinks a good deal of William E. Sulzer. Many of their Republican brethren think likewise. It seems to us that both Mr. Sulzer and the Empire State should come in for that recognition for services rendered.



William E. Sulzer.  
New York's candidate for the speakership of the House.



# Foys of the Christmas Dinner



"ROASTING TURKEY AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

"DE BREED AM SMALL, BUT DE FLAVOR AM DELICIOUS."

"WHEN THE SALVATION ARMY PLAYS SANTA CLAUS."

"FOR THE YEAR'S BOUNTY, WE GIVE THEE THANKS."

"WHITE FOLKS DON' HAF' 'PRECIATE MR. 'POSSUM."

"LOADED TO THE MUZZLE."



# Rose Mary and God's Angels

By Leon Rutledge Whipple

**R**OSE MARY was afraid. The frozen dusk was creeping around the little cabin in the wilderness. And her father moaned in his bunk, big and black-eyed against the scarlet blankets. It had been four—five—six days since he had slipped on the rotten log and bent his leg; and, oh, it had hurt very much! for her wonderful, laughing father, who was the best trapper in all Canada, had cried like Madam Bonnot's little *bebe*. And since yesterday's yesterday he had been talking out of his soul.

She put a big stick in the open stove and the blaze drove back the dusk. Her father kept calling, "Kath-a-leen, Kath-a-leen!" Kath-a-leen was her beautiful mother, who had gone away with the angel that brought Rose Mary; and she lived on the very brightest star of all the stars. And when the brightest star twinkled, that was the beautiful mother smiling and bidding her not to be frightened in the lonely woods.

Now she was afraid of her own father—his eyes were so bright and his cheeks so red, like the roses in the Sisters' garden at Quebec. How sinful she was! Next she would be afraid of the good God Himself. And she crossed herself at the thought.

She uncovered her father's wounded leg. It was swollen and bluish-green, and so hot it almost burned her fingers. She kissed it and bound it in a cloth cooled with snow. Afterward she cuddled very close to him, and he remembered who she was, calling her his white Rose and holding her so tight she was crushed and breathless. And he asked her if she knew he was going to die.

She smiled. "Certainly, p'tit pere, every one is going to die. It is God's will. But you are not going for ever and ever so long. Would you leave Rose Mary?"

He groaned and clinched his hands over his eyes. He had seen men die of legs like this in the woods.

Rose Mary whispered in sudden terror, "You won't go 'way and leave me all alone, will you? You and the beautiful mother and God will be so happy together, and I will be so lonesome! Tell me, p'tit pere, tell me, tell me!"

She plucked at his hands. He didn't want her, his own Rose Mary, to see his eyes! She caught finger after finger, until she saw the tears. Was it true? Rose Mary's heart stopped beating. She kissed his face passionately.

"Oh, no, no, no! Tell me no! Tell me honestly, as if Christ were listening—are you going to die?"

He nodded, and then the fever rolled back and he babbled about great feats of his youth and Kath-a-leen.

Rose Mary lay huddled on the edge of the bunk, crying as if her heart would break. Her father was going to die, and she would have nobody left but Lucette. And she could do nothing for him. L'aile du Corbeau lived forty miles away, and he was only an Indian, and St. Xavier was miles beyond that. A wolf howled mournfully across the lake. Nobody could help her but God's angels.

His angels? Could she ask God for the angels to come and help her father? Sister Therese had told her that, if you asked God with a loving and faithful heart, He would send His angels. And Sister Therese knew everything—even how far it was to the brightest star. But maybe it was too cold, for all the pictures had on summer dresses.

She woke Lucette and held her clucking against her breast, while the tears fell on the soft, gray wing. And Sister Therese had said, too, that one must never worry God unless one wanted something very, very much and had tried every other way in the world first. One mustn't ask for God's angels when one's hair got in a tangle or when an old gray hen like Lucette got lost in the leaves.

But, oh, she wanted this very, very much! She wanted her father more than anything in all the world, and she had tried every other way to help him. She had swept and brought fresh water and made him dried apple pie. And she had made Lucette stop clucking when he was asleep. Now she tiptoed to the bunk and drew the covers over the restless man. Yes, she had done everything.

Yet still she was afraid to pray for God's angels. It was a terrible thing. Suppose God was angry and sent an angel breathing fire! She shuddered. Then she smiled. She would ask the beautiful Mother, and if the brightest star twinkled very fast, she would pray for God's angels.

So she went and stood on the step without and looked at the very brightest star. The sky was all blue, with points of silver in it; and the woods were black, and, underneath, the thick cloak of the snow. And it was very quiet.

Rose Mary cried out (but not loud enough to wake her father), "Oh, chere maman, hast thou forgotten thy little one?" And the brightest star twinkled very swiftly. But it was very far away. Oh, if the brightest star could only twinkle words!

As she looked, the brightest star began to twinkle faster and faster. It darted out long rays, and one of them reached almost to the earth. Rose Mary closed her eyes, the star twinkled so fast. And a tear fell on her cheek.

She crept in and lit a candle on the shelf before the silver cruci-

fix and the picture of the Holy Mother. Then she knelt and, crossing her hands on her breast, prayed softly,

"Dear God, please send Thine angels and keep my father from dying. I am Rose Mary who asks Thee, and my father is very sick. And I need him more than Thou dost. I am afraid, and the woods are very lonely with nobody but Lucette; and I promise Thee never to scold Lucette again. Please, please, dear, dear God, send just one angel for a little while—and help my father—in the name of Thy blessed Son. Amen."

Rose Mary knelt while her prayer went winging to the infinite heart of God. Then she arose and made herself ready against the coming of God's angel. She heaped the fire high and set all the food in the cabin upon the table on a white cloth. For God's angels were journeying from afar, and they would come cold and tired. So she set a candle alight in the window to guide them. She made herself clean in her white dress, for she must be ready.

She sat down on her little stool with beating heart. For an angel was wonderful and beautiful, but fearful, too, and to call one down from God was a terrible thing. She almost wanted to hide.

The warm, dim heart of the hut held its breath for the coming of the apparition of God's love. A little child had asked, and the winged splendor of all the world must bring her service. The blue heaven was an altar cloth and all the stars were like altar lamps. And God's swift and silent messengers brought answer to her prayer.

Suddenly came a crackling in the tree tops, and sharp cries. Limbs broke above her and crashed upon the roof. Something dragged across the cabin. A piece of the eaves fell. The forest seemed full of wild tumult. Then silence, and voices calling in an unknown tongue.

God's angels!

She ran to the door and threw it wide. A path of ruddy light shot over the snow to the edge of the clearing. There, settling slowly into the pines, was a great, yellow bag, and, tilted sideways on a limb below, a basket, to which clung a figure; another dark figure lay in the snow beneath.

Rose Mary, forgetting her fears, flew to the still figure. She knelt beside it, crying, "M'sieu Ange, M'sieu Ange, you have come! You are not hurt—you are not hurt!" She dared not touch him, but he opened his eyes and smiled. The other visitor appeared and spoke to her.

She did not understand the words, but bowed low and said, "I am Rose Mary, M'sieu Ange." She led them to the cabin, where they sank, half-frozen, before the fire. She saw that one of them was slender and fair and dressed in corduroy and a sweater; the other was stout, with dark eyes and wore a leather coat.

These were not like the angels Sister Therese told of. Those had wings and wore white robes, like little girls. She stole behind them, but found no sign of wings. Yet they were God's angels, for they came in the air and certainly as far as from a star, because they were cold. So she busied herself with devout services, removing their stiff boots and chaffing their cold hands in her own. Then they talked excitedly in the unknown tongue, and the slender M'sieu Ange asked her in French where they were. And when she told them, they laughed and clapped their hands. Doubtless they were glad they had found her.

She was glad because God had sent angels who understood French. So she bade them eat from the table with the white cloth.

The visitors ate a long time, and while they were eating the dried apple pie, her father, who had been asleep under the blankets, tossed them aside to cry jests at them. "Oh-e, Jacques Brideau, and thou, too, Henri Marchant, ye've come to see me die, and gotten drunk on the way. Ye be both beasts."

The stout M'sieu Ange rose and bent over the tossing man. He felt of the wrist and laid a gentle hand on his brow. Then he turned gravely to Rose Mary and asked,

"How long has he been thus, petite?"

"Six days now. See, it is his leg."

She threw back the covering and exposed the blue-green swelling. Then she turned and looked quietly into the dark eyes, waiting.

His quick fingers danced lightly over the wound. He frowned and grumbled to the slender M'sieu Ange, "Fractured—in a bad way. Maybe we've won the cup, but we've certainly got a week's job here. Get that medicine chest, will you?"

For an hour Rose Mary brought water and found wood for splints, and waited, shuddering and pale, when they tied her father to the bunk and set his leg. But she was not afraid, for God's angels were very tender. When it was over, she slipped suddenly to the floor and the whole world seemed full of brightest stars. The stout M'sieu Ange gathered her in his arms and held her close, whispering that her father would soon be well.

She laughed, and put her arms around his neck and kissed him, murmuring, "You are God's angels, and will you give this kiss to my beautiful mother when you go back to God, and tell her—"

And then she fell asleep.

## Christmas Morning

**B**EFORE the wintry sun is up,  
Oh, what a racket greets my ears,  
The din is surely loud enough  
To wake the folks of other spheres.  
The trumpets toot, the dollies squeak,  
The woolly lambs in chorus bleat,  
The baby locomotives chug,  
And rat-tattoo the drumsticks beat,  
For this is Christmas morning.

A toy piano tinkles out  
A tiny, teeny-weeny tune,  
So faint and sweet it might be played  
Away up in the silver moon.  
The air with merry laughter rings,  
And shrieks of glee, and whoops of joy,  
And happy gurgles of delight  
From rosy, romping girl and boy,  
For this is Christmas morning.

Wee Jimmy sports a soldier suit,  
And Johnny has a wagon red,  
And Susie got a camera,  
And Bruce and Bobby each a sled,  
And Tom in fringe and feathers gay,  
Just like an Indian chief appears,  
And mother hugs them every one,  
And murmurs "Bless the little dears!"  
For this is Christmas morning.

MINNA IRVING.

Bu

Johnstone

Franc  
Leader of

An Am  
A n



# Bulletin of Current Events



Johnstone's Biplane Just before the



**Francesco L. Madero.**

Leader of the revolutionists in Mexico.



**The Wreck of the Doomed Aeroplane.**

Ralph Johnstone, holder of the world's championship for altitude, was killed in his Wright biplane while making a heroic effort to better his altitude record. It is believed that one of his wings, which had recently been repaired, broke and caused the disaster. The machine dashed to the ground from a height of 200 feet. One of the shocking features of the catastrophe was the action of the crowd when it rushed to the wrecked biplane and tore it apart for souvenirs while the body of the fatally injured aviator lay beneath the wreckage. —*London.*

**Fatal Fall at Denver, on November 17.**



**Ralph Johnstone.**

Whose death robs the science of aviation of one of its most spectacular and successful pupils.



**An American Newspaper Building Wrecked by the Mexican Mob.**

A mute witness to the fury of the Mexicans in the anti-American riots which led up to the present revolution.



**Mexican Soldiers Hurrying to the Front in the City of Pueblo.**

An incident in the most serious rebellion Mexico has faced in fifteen years. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.



**The Most Recent View of Culebra Cut.**

**The President Inspecting the Works at Gatun Dam.**

Copyright, American Press Association.  
**WHAT PRESIDENT TAFT SAW AT PANAMA.**

**Completing the Gigantic Construction of Pedro Miguel Lock.**



# The Wolf, the Lamb

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb; the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and young lion and the fawn together; and a little child shall lead them.—Isaiah 11, 6.

**W**IN IS war. It brings a man into enmity with God, with himself and with his fellow-men. And war is hell. General Sherman is entitled to no credit for originality in saying so, for Milton had anticipated him:

Black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a frightful dart.

In 1863 President Lincoln visited Gettysburg just after the battle. He stood for a while in silence, viewing the bloody field, then brokenly said, "Oh, this is awful! This is awful—but it must go on!"

One morning in 1879 General Skobeloff with his staff reviewed the battlefield of Shipka Pass. A year had transpired since the close of the Turco-Russian War. He paused for a moment at a wooden cross marking the grave of a heroic standard bearer, then silently surveyed the field. The snow was melting, the shallow graves had been uncovered by the sweeping winds of winter and the ravaging wolves had wrought havoc. Here and there were bones and fragments of torn uniforms. He turned to his aid-de-camp and said, "See how these skulls are grinning at us!" Then, after a pause, he added,

The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore!

The Duke of Wellington once remarked that the only thing in the world more melancholy than a battle lost is a battle won. And the greatest of American captains, at the close of a military career marked by unparalleled success, left this significant word as his best heritage to posterity: "Let us have peace!" War began with sin. The first proclamation of war was also the first prophecy of peace. It was when God said to Satan, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt wound his heel." God was the author of the proclamation, but Satan was the instigator of the war which began then and there, to end only with the overthrow of Satan and the final extirpation of sin.

If the history of war could be adequately written, what a red, red chronicle it would be! Only a pen of sharpest steel dipped in an alembic of hottest fire could record it. It began with the beginning of time. Out of the primeval shadows strode Cain, with a red mark on his forehead and a bludgeon in his hand; and the embattled host fell in behind him, to pursue its sanguinary march down the centuries. The first of songs is the "Sword Song" of Lamech: "Hear my voice and hearken unto my speech; for I have slain a man!" Hear the rude cry of Samson as he returns from Philistia: "I have slain them; heaps on heaps, masses on masses, a thousand men!" On the heights of Esdraelon the daughters of Israel are shouting, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera!" A father bereaved of a son slain in the battle of Gilboa is staggering up the stairway to his chamber on the housetop, moaning, "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son! would God that I had died for thee!" The banners of Assyria are waving on the mountains that encircle the Holy City, and presently a long procession of captives moves eastward, and the glory of the chosen people vanishes in the darkness of an unbroken night. War, war and rumors of war; all along the ages!

At length the Sun of Righteousness arises, with healing in His wings. Now surely the sword will be sheathed, for is this not Shiloh, the Prince of Peace? Was ever a sweeter birthsong than His, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will toward men"? Was ever a more irenic proclamation than His Golden Rule, or ever a more pronounced "peace policy" than that which He outlined for His church on the farewell night: "Put up thy sword into the sheath; for they that take the sword shall perish by it"?

But scarcely had the shadows lifted from Calvary before the gates of Janus were thrown open, and the nine historic persecutions were under way! Constantine marched out against the enemies of Christ with a red-cross banner over him, bearing the legend, "In this sign thou shalt conquer!" The centuries pass, thrones and dynasties rise and totter to their fall, and always, always to the mad music of the sword. War, war, war! When shall the end be?

The end is certain, but not yet. He that believeth shall not make haste.

"The eternal step of progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and sweet, which God repeats.  
God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night.  
Wake thou and watch! The world is gray  
With morning light!"

There are forces at work which are destined to bring in the consummation so devoutly to be wished; and behind them stands God, "within the shadow, keeping watch above His own." But let us not be too sanguine. There can be no permanent or universal peace so long as the root of discord shall continue in this world of ours. A temporary peace may be patched up by truces and agreements and pacific manifestos; but so long as the wolf has fangs, the sheepfold will be in danger. Let us go further still and lay down the proposition that, so long as there is organized wrong in the world, the wrong must be righted and redressed; and that means war. As Lincoln said, "This is awful—but it must go on!"

It will probably not be questioned that most of the bloodshed in history has been for insufficient cause. In Southey's "Battle of Blenheim," a scarred veteran tells the story to a wide-eyed lad:

And everybody praised the Duke  
Who that great fight did win.—  
"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin—  
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;  
But 'twas a famous victory!"

It is never justifiable to make war for selfish ends. To fling down the

\* At a recent meeting of ministers of all denominations in New York a resolution was passed calling upon the Churches of America to observe Christmas Sunday as Arbitration Day; to consider the proposed erection of a Court of Arbitral Justice for the settlement of international disputes and the bringing in of universal peace.



By Rev. David James Burtell,  
D.D., LL.D.

# and the Little Child

gauntlet for the vindication of national honor is as questionable as the personal duello. The real dignity of both men and nations can stand much hammering. To fight for the avenging of a real or fancied affront is always to "pay too dear for one's whistle." And worse immeasurably is it to fight for territorial expansion or national glory. It is right, however, on occasion, to wage war in self-defense. The man who, finding a burglar or ravisher in his apartment at night, will not defend himself or his loved ones is but a lame excuse for a man. "Self-defense is the first law of nature." And this holds true of nations as of men. It is right, also, to make war for principle. The Puritans and

Huguenots and Covenanters are held in just esteem for adventuring their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in defense of convictions dearer than life.

In our American history we have had three righteous wars. One of them was provoked by an unjust stamp law. Shall the sword, then, be drawn to resist the imposition of a paltry penny on a pound of tea? Yes; because that penny stood for a principle which lay at the very heart of freedom. Our second war, undertaken for the preservation of the Union, was continued for the overthrow of slavery. A million men were slain and a thousand millions of money sunk in an ocean of blood; but it was a splendid investment, because it broke the chains of a multitude of bondmen. Our third war was in the interest of humanity. The island of Cuba, lying under the very shadow of our country, had long been groaning under an insufferable burden of wrong. Was there no eye to pity, no arm to help? We are a Christian nation. A religion which would not spring to the relief of the helpless under such circumstances is not Christianity as I understand it.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;  
His truth is marching on!

But if these are the ethics of war, how can we look for any sure or lasting peace? Not, certainly, by the makeshifts of diplomacy; but by putting an utter end to the conditions which provoke war. And this is being done. The influence of the Gospel is permeating society like leaven in the lump, and when its spirit shall prevail universally we shall have the Truce of God. The wolf with its fangs drawn and the inoffensive lamb shall then lie down together, and the Christ Child shall lead them. The song of His Advent shall be the song of the Golden Age.

Progress is a fact. The world rolls around every twenty-four hours, and with every revolution it comes a little nearer to the ultimate reign of peace. And the keynote of progress is the Gospel of Christ.

If that assertion be challenged, let us take a map of the world and draw a line around every spot of ground where the Gospel has been preached; then observe how we have shut out night and barbarism from that charmed circle, and have shut in all the influences that make for humanity and progress, for the peace of nations and the welfare of men.

The Gospel of Reconciliation has not been in this world of ours for nineteen centuries in vain. The beneficent grip of Christ, making for ultimate peace, has been not only upon the hearts of His people, but upon the reins of His enemies as well. He has made the very wrath of men to praise Him. The roads which Cæsar built for his legions, as he supposed, proved to be highways for Christ's messengers of peace. The great armaments, which are costing the nations two thousand millions of dollars a year, are being used in the same way. War is their purpose, but, in God's logic, peace will be their end. When gunpowder gives way to dynamite and two-masters to Dreadnoughts, the suicide of war is imminent. Thus the Christ Child is making the wrath of men to praise Him.

Meanwhile, in the universal proclamation of the Gospel, the grain of mustard seed, "which indeed is the least of all seeds," is becoming a tree whose branches spread so far that the nations may soon sit in the shadow of it. The Treaty of Portsmouth was distinctly in line with the principles of Christ. The setting up of a Prize Court at The Hague was a further milestone to mark the progress of His Golden Rule. The proposed erection of a Permanent Court of Arbitral Justice, to which the six great Powers have given their practical consent, will be a mighty stride toward the ultimate federation of the world. There are fifty parliamentary governments to-day; when these shall agree to submit all disputes to the Arbitral Court, the poet's dream of "The Parliament of Man" will be realized, and the daybreak cannot then be far off.

We are living, we are dwelling  
In a grand and awful time:  
In an age on ages telling  
To be living is sublime!

But even then the discords will not wholly cease. Men will still strike with the fist and nations will quarrel with other nations. An organic disease cannot be cured with a plaster. Sin is the root of the trouble, and the trouble will never be over till there is an utter end of sin. One of the wise sayings of Lincoln was, "Nothing is settled until it is settled right." The only remedy for sin is the Gospel of Reconciliation. The wolf will never lie down with the lamb until its nature is transformed; and only the little Child can do it. But the time is drawing near when every knee shall bow before Him.

For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the eve-circling years  
Comes round the Age of Gold,  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

Some Christmas Day in the future "Peace shall be over all the earth and the whole world will give back the song which now the angels sing." And as the poet has foretold so well, the days are hastening on when the Christ Child shall reign supreme. Each Christmas Day will bring this time a little nearer.

Then swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, and every man shall dwell at peace under his own vine and fig tree. Roll swifter round, ye wheel of time, and bring the welcome day!

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# Two Christmas Eves

By Patricia Wentworth

Winner of the Melrose Novel Prize

Drawings by P. J. Donaban



"He stammered out he hardly knew what, and then dead silence fell."

**I**T WAS on the Christmas Eve a year after Mrs. Ames first became his secretary that John Alden, M. P., asked her to be his wife. For the first six months he had thought her a very good secretary. For the last six months he had been gradually ceasing to think of her as a secretary at all. She was Lucy to him—Lucy, the woman whose hand was on the pulses of his heart; and every day those pulses throbbed more strongly. He wondered how long her husband had been dead, and if she had loved him, and if he had loved her. He wished he knew more about her. "She is very young to be so alone in life—" That was what kind, vague Lady Calcott had said of her. Then he had cared too little to ask more, now he cared far too much.

Thoughts that he could not utter burned in him continually, but when on that first Christmas Eve he tried to give them voice, the halting words turned traitor and all the happy flow of language which filled the House when Alden was up deserted him. He stammered out he hardly knew what, saying he loved her, calling her by her name, and then dead silence fell; and through it Lucy Ames stared at him with eyes unnaturally wide and dark. It was the horror in them that gave him words at last, and—"What is it?" he said, and made an abrupt movement that sent his chair over with a crash.

A little sighing breath came between Lucy Ames's white lips. Her left hand—the hand with the wedding ring on it—relaxed, and the papers it held came fluttering down and lay about her feet.

"What is it?" repeated John Alden, and at the insistence in his voice she shivered a little and looked at him; but strangely, or as if he were a stranger.

"What are you asking me?" she said, all on one low, whispered tone.

"Lucy!" His voice shocked her back to full consciousness again. "Lucy, what did you think? What could you think? To be my wife—my dear wife."

She trembled a little more and her eyes widened.

"Oh, but you know—you know I can't!" she said, and put out her hand as if to keep him away; but in that moment he knew she loved him, and he laughed aloud—the deep, pleasant laugh that told of a warm, sound nature.

"Why can't you, Lucy dear?" he said. "Are you so sure you can't? I think you can. Won't you try? Won't you try if you can like me well enough, my dear?" And he took the small, groping hand and kissed it very gently.

Lucy Ames snatched her hand away and rose to her feet with a sob. She stood there shaking all over, and there was something in her face that stopped John Alden's laughter and stopped his tender words.

"You don't know?" she cried almost wildly. "You really don't know? Oh, how is it possible?"

"Lucy, what is it?" asked the man.

"My husband—" said Lucy Ames, in a whisper that seemed to fill the room and shake it.

"You are a widow!"

He spoke almost roughly.

"No!" in that same whisper.

"Oh, God! Lucy, are you sure?"

She gave a wild little laugh that sobbed itself into a groan.

"Sure? Oh!"

There was a long pause. Then John Alden moved a few paces and caught the edge of the mantelpiece in a grip that left a red line across his palm.

"He deserted you?" he said at last.

"No—"

"Where is he? You don't live with him?"

His voice was full of horror. All this time, while she was in his heart, while he had been thinking of her as his wife, had she been going home each day not to the lonely room he had fancied, but to another man, to a husband's arms? The thought sickened him right through to the core of his clean love for her; but her answer came quick and breathless, with the thought.

"No, no! Oh, I thought you knew! He is in an asylum. He is mad."

The revulsion flooded his voice with warmth.

"Oh, you poor child!" he said. And Lucy gave a little cry.

"Oh, don't! What must you think? I thought you knew—oh, I did indeed! You didn't ask any questions, and I thought it was because you were so kind, because it was such a dreadful thing to speak of. I thought Lady Calcott had told you—"

John Alden gave a short, hard laugh.

"I suppose she thought she had. You know what she's like—her sentences that never finish, and her stories that trail off into something quite different. And I wasn't so interested then. She said you were alone in the world, and I thought it meant the usual thing. I was a fool—" There was another silence.

Then he swung away from her and spoke again, looking into the glowing fire, both elbows on the mantelpiece. "How long ago was it? Do you mind telling me? I should like to know a little more."

She made a half step toward him and then drew back, clasping her hands and standing with her head bent, her eyes on his averted face.

"I should like to tell you. You should have known. I thought you did know. I never thought it possible you didn't. You do believe that?"

"Yes, yes!"

"H, thank you!" She paused, bit her lip, and began to speak in a low, hurried way. "There isn't very much to tell. I can't remember my father and mother. Some cousins brought me up. They weren't very kind. You see, there was no money. When I was seventeen Mr. Ames wanted to marry me. He had a good appointment at the Admiralty. I suppose they thought it would be a provision. They told me I ought to marry him and not be a burden, so I did it. They didn't tell me that his father had been mad or that he had a brother in an asylum then."

John Alden smothered an oath. Lucy's simplicity had always been one of her chief charms for him. He realized now how it had been used to destroy her. He hoped the curse about the millstone and the depths of the sea applied to her cousins. From the bottom of his heart he hoped it and believed that it did.

"What happened?" he said, and bent his head upon his arms.

A shudder ran all over Lucy's slim figure. "At first I thought he was just strange," she said. "And then his brother Gerald came out of the asylum. They said he was all right, but, oh, he wasn't—not really! I never thought he was. He frightened me so. You see, he liked me—in a horrible sort of way. He liked being with me, and he used to say he'd have married me himself if his brother hadn't been in such a hurry; and I used to be so frightened I didn't know what to do."

John Alden bit his lip till the blood came. If she would be quick—if she would only be quick—if she would only reach the end! His poor, frightened child! He dared not turn his head, for if he were to see her tremble he knew no power on earth could keep him from taking her in his arms.

"Go on!" he said, in a smothered voice.

Lucy put one hand to her lips and drew an unsteady breath. "One night," she said, in a whisper, "one night they quarreled—the brothers—about me. Oh, they were mad then! Mr. Ames said I had come between them. Oh, I didn't want to! He said he didn't want me any more—his brother could have me, or any



one—I was to go away. And Gerald said, 'No; come here to me, Lucy.' I saw that they were mad, and I ran right out of the house; and there was a policeman there, and I told him, and he fetched a doctor and they took them away. Every one was very kind. Lady Calcott came to see me. She had known my mother and she had me taught typing and shorthand, so that I could earn my living. You see, there was very little money. They are still in the asylum—at least, Mr. Ames is. His brother died last year."

John Alden half turned his head.

"Is that where you go when you ask for a day off—to the asylum?"

He had the instinct that drives a man to ask the thing which, answered, will be salt on the raw wound.

"Yes," she said.

"You see him?"

"No; they say it would be bad for him. He is so excited if my name is mentioned. So I don't go in—I just see the doctor and come away."

"How long has he been there? What do they say? Is he likely to get better?"

"I don't know. They say you never can tell. He has been there five years. It was on my eighteenth birthday that it happened."

There was a very long silence.

**T**HEN Lucy bent down and began picking up the scattered papers she had let fall. When she had put them all tidily in their places she hesitated, and thensaid in a low voice,

"Mr. Alden—"

He drew himself up and turned.

"Mr. Alden—"

"What is it? Don't look like that, child!"

"Mr. Alden, I ought—I ought to leave you."

"Do you want to?"

"Oh, please—you know it's not that; but you know I ought—"

"Because of what I said just now?"

She nodded, unable to speak.

Perhaps when Eve, her Paradise forbid, looked back and saw the Angel's flaming sword, her eyes also dazzled with sudden tears—her voice, too, refused to answer the will's summons.

Poor Lucy Ames had never lived in Eden at all. All her life had been spent in a place of stones and thistles—of hardness and sharp pricks. She had just had one little glimpse inside the sheltering walls, had seen that the sun shone there, that there the fruit of happiness ripened, and the waters of comfort sprang; and then—the Angel with the sword, and the shut gate—the gate that she ought not only to close, but to lock—the gate that she was locking and closing now. Her Adam walked up and down for a moment without replying. Then he came close to her and took her hand.

"Lucy, look at me," he said. And she looked up, with brimming eyes. "Lucy, tell me—which is the best thing for you? If you stay here, you can trust me—I'll not say a word, nor touch your hand, nor so much as look. I can do it. But if it's better for you to go, you shall."

Here was reprieve. A good woman always thinks that love may very well wear friendship's dress and conform to friendship's rules. She throws herself with utter trust upon the man's self-command and tries it in most unconscious temptation with the whole weight of his love for her.

Lucy put out her hand impulsively.

"Oh, you are good!" she cried. "Oh, indeed, I don't want to go!"

John went hastily back to the fire.

"Very well," he said, in tones which she thought a little dry. "Very well, then. I shall expect you as usual on the second. Good-night."

And after a little pause Lucy said good-night, too, and went out, wondering why his manner had so suddenly changed and why he didn't look at her when he spoke or move to open the door.

**T**HE new arrangement lasted three months, and to John Alden they were three months of such strain that he never knew how he got through them. Lucy made it very hard. She was so happy. She knew he cared for her. She came every day to his house. She worked for him, and had only to look up from her work to see him there, quite close—so close that a step would have brought him to her side. He never took that step, and her presence grew to be a burning torment.

He suffered as the man suffers who dies impotently of thirst, with water—cool, exquisite water of the wonder spring—just out of reach. Only in his case the water was not out of reach. It was there, under his hand—his to take; and he must turn his head away and clinch his hand and die of thirst. He bore it until one day, in bringing him some papers, Lucy just laid her hand on his and said, in her pretty, soft way,

"Oh, how cold you are! You should have a fire. Shall I light it?"

And her touch lighted one she could not as easily put out. Cold! He put his other hand over hers and felt the flame of passion flare horribly. The noise of its roaring was in his ears. He gripped her wrist and looked at the marks his fingers made—looked as a man looks at something terrible. Then, with a wrench that shook his whole being, he turned from her and strode to the window and flung it up.

"Oh, you hurt me!" cried Lucy, bewildered; and he leaned far out and filled his lungs with the east wind before he turned and answered,

"Yes; and you must go, Lucy, or I shall hurt you more!"

She cried like a child when he made his meaning plain. The pleasant game of make-believe was over. She had thought him a god, and he was only a man, after all. Reality seemed incredibly ugly, inconceivably cruel. She was very forlorn and alone, and she was only three-and-twenty. John Alden never knew how he let her go, but she went, and he found her work with a philanthropic lady and got a man secretary for himself.

He went to see Lucy once a month, and every time he found her a little whiter, a little lonelier, a little dearer. She didn't like the philanthropic lady, who was much too philanthropic to consider a secretary as anything but a machine. She missed John terribly. It was dreadful to forget and look up from her work and see the philanthropic lady's sharp nose and cold, gray eyes, instead of John's nose, which was such a comfortable shape, and John's eyes, which were so full of kindness for her. She felt as if she were in a world without a sun, and there wasn't even starlight or firelight to take its place.

With a woman's cruel sweetness she let him see it all, and every time he left her it was harder to go, until at last it was too hard and he asked her if she would brave the world with him. His career didn't seem to matter, nothing seemed to matter except Lucy and the fact that Lucy was fretting her heart out. She looked at him with piteous, bewildered eyes. She had not meant to make it hard for him or tempt him. He seemed so strong, she had not known that he was suffering so. She began to cry like a child, but the burden of her sobs was still the same:

"Oh, no, no! Oh, they mustn't do anything wicked!" And, "Oh, please, please, John, won't you go away now?"



"They knew their path in life was one henceforward."

So he went, cursing himself.

It was another Christmas Eve before he came again. He had a good grip of himself once more, but it cost him so much that he did not notice how silent Lucy was. She was dressed to go out, and she had her back to the light and sat quite still, with her hands lying limply in her lap, while he told her he had been offered a colonial governorship and thought he had better take it.

"We can't go on like this, Lucy," he said, and waited for her to speak; but she only sat still, and at last he noticed that her face had a frozen look and that there was no expression in her eyes.

"Lucy," he said sharply, "have you been listening? Did you hear what I told you?"

And her eyelids just flickered as she said, "No."

"Why, Lucy!" he exclaimed, and came across the room to her. "What is it? What is the matter? Lucy, child!"

She moved one of the limp hands then, and he saw a folded letter on her knee.

"Lucy!" he said, and took it. Then he read it and understood.

The letter was from the doctor at the asylum. Mr. Ames was very much better—was, in fact, restored to health. He desired to see his wife—he wanted to go home. There was no reason why Mrs. Ames should not fetch him away. He wanted to spend Christmas with his wife.

John Alden crushed the letter in his hand.

"Is this the first you've heard?"

She shook her head mechanically.

"No. A fortnight ago they wrote; they said he had been improving steadily ever since I was there last. His one desire now is to come—home."

"And you—you, Lucy?"

She looked up at him—a heartrending look.

"What can I do? He is ill, they say—he has nowhere else to go. They had no relations. He wants to come home—to come here—for Christmas."

**H**ER BREATH failed her on the last word. John Alden looked at her and spoke harshly:

"I won't have it! You're not fit! There are nursing homes—let him go to one. You can visit him."

She shook her head again. "There's so little money."

"Lucy!"

"No, no! I couldn't let you, John, you know I couldn't let you! I've got to do it! I'm going now. Oh, John, can't you help me?"

He did forget everything, then, but her need.

"Yes, my dear, yes," he said, and put his arm round her quite steadily and gently.

They went together. She wondered afterward whether she could have gone alone. She did not think she could. They did not speak at all, but when the cab drove up and they got out Lucy caught his arm and kept her hand on it, holding so tight that she bruised the flesh. Then they were shown into a room, and still neither of them spoke. There were Christmas decorations about, sprigs of holly over the pictures, and whitened sprays of ivy framing a Christmas motto. "Peace and Good-will," were the words, and Lucy read them over and over, quicker and quicker, with the desperate feeling that if she could keep on and never stop or falter it would keep the silence from being broken and keep her from screaming aloud.

(Continued on page 34.)







### The Hold-up

Forcing Santa Claus to "deliver the goods"

Drawn by George F. Kerr



# The Violin:

By James Oliver Curwood

JEAN PIERROT'S hand gripped hard at the hilt of the hunting knife in his belt, and for a moment the thin, dark, sensitive face that he turned toward the white glow of the aurora flashing in the northern skies was filled with something that was more than the grief which filled his soul. From the lighted cabin, half hidden in the deep shadows of the thick spruce, came the sound of laughter—a man's laughter, loud, buoyant and filled with a happiness that struck Jean like a dagger; and mingled with it was the sweeter, lower laughter of a girl. With the stealth of the gray-furred lynx which he hunted for the company, Jean crept nearer to the lighted window, and the great, dark eyes which he had inherited from his French mother were filled with a threatening glitter. For the first time since he could remember, Jean felt within his heated blood the desire to kill. The sinews of his hands were tense in their eagerness to choke the life from the man who was laughing within the cabin; the fingers of his right hand were like steel ribs about the caribou-horn grip of his knife. He looked about him with keen, quick-seeing eyes. On all sides the forest shut in the clearing like a black wall. One by one the few lights at the post had gone out, until there remained only those in the company's store and the cabin. The dogs were quiet. He knew by the white glow of the billion stars in the sky and the faintly crackling sound that came to him from the shooting lights over the pole, that it was late. The young Englishman would soon be leaving the cabin, and then—

Silence had fallen in the cabin. It was followed now by a low, sweet voice in song, and, as he listened, the glitter left Jean's eyes and he sank upon his knees in the snow with a broken, sobbing cry. Meleese was singing. She was singing to this Englishman, who had come to destroy his beautiful world for him, the Cree love song which he had taught to Meleese before her baby lips could scarce lip forth the words. It was his song—and hers. Together they had sung it a thousand times in the paradise of the great forests, under the glow of the stars, in that same cabin. And he, Jean Pierrot, had sung it and had played it upon his violin when the mother of Meleese had gone to her rest under the big sentinel spruce in the edge of the clearing, when Meleese was just old enough to toddle along at his side in their hunt for the red-glow and bak-neesh flowers. Now she was singing it to the Englishman. Quietly Jean rose to his feet. He stood up, straight and stalwart in the night, and turned his face to the sky.

"The great God bless you and give you happiness, my Meleese," he breathed, and went slowly to his own cabin beyond the post house, at the other edge of the clearing.

FROM its wooden peg in the wall he took his old violin and sat down in the dull glow of the fire that came from the door of the cabin stove. He tried to play, but there was a curious twitching in his fingers that made them run wild, and he laid the instrument on a stool beside him, where its ruddy sides caught the dancing colors of the firelight. It was one of the few times that the violin had failed him when he took it from the worn peg in the wall. He shuddered and buried his dark face between his hands, staring deep into the dying glow of the fire; and in those moments there flashed before him a vision of his world—an empty, desolate world to him now, while but a short time before it had been very near to his simple dreams of paradise. The forest was this world of Jean Pierrot's. It began a little beyond his cabin door and reached out on all sides farther than he had ever been. Northward it



Drawings by George F. Kerr

turned into the stunted scrub of the Great Barrens, from beyond which the Esquimaux and their fierce little fighting dogs came now and then. Eastward it struck Hudson's Bay. South and west there was no end to it. It was the forest that Jean remembered first of all in looking back. It had been his play-garden when a little, brown-faced mother watched over him and played with him. Then it became mother, brother, everything to him, and began teaching him in the great code of life, as life is lived a thousand miles north. It was the forest that told him more of God than the missionary who came over from Fort Churchill and made a devout Catholic of him. The whispering winds of summer in the spruce tops, the peaceful sweetness of its vast, silent places, the wailing of arctic blasts over the snow dunes in winter gave to him the strange, wild music which he played upon his old violin. *La violon*, as Jean called it, had come to him as a heritage from the father he had never seen; and yet deep down in his soul he thanked the forest for that, too. To him the forest was the source of all things good. The God of the Virgin and the God of his forests were one. If there had been two Gods in his conception of things, he would have worshiped the forest God, for, above all things else, it was the forest that had given him Meleese.

Even in his grief he smiled as he thought of Meleese, for the vision he saw in the dying firelight went back to the beginning of things—back to a Christmas Day, many years ago, when he had looked upon a white baby for the first time, and when that baby had kicked and squirmed and made strange noises and stranger signs to him and had clutched its tiny fingers in his black, shining hair. That was the beginning of Jean's love story and the beginning of Jean's deeper worship of the forest. From the hour that Cummins came in from the edge of the Barrens, bringing with him Meleese and her dead mother on the same sledge, life changed for Jean. After that Meleese filled his world. For them there was nothing beyond the forest, the wonder skies that blazed with the aurora fire at night and the old violin. With these three they passed the years until Meleese, at Jean's desire, at sixteen, went to spend a season at the company's school at Fort Churchill.

THE thought of that day brought a stab of pain to Jean's heart. Meleese, in leaving, had given him her red mouth to kiss and had gone with her hair hanging in a big, shining braid down her back. Jean loved this hair. He loved to look upon it in the sunlight, flowing in a cascade of rippling fire over her shoulders; he loved to see the shining braid gleaming and dancing and laughing at him, as they ran their races through the forests and among the rocky ridges. And Meleese had come back from Churchill, nearly a year later, with her hair piled upon the crown of her head in a manner that was strange and terrible to him. She was no longer the little Meleese of his forests, but was like the pictures he had seen of the wonderful creatures who lived in the great cities of which he had heard, hundreds and hundreds of miles away. He had not kissed her when she returned, though he knew that she had turned her face up to him to be kissed. He had not dared to touch her hair or to deck it with flowers during the few weeks that she remained at the post. A grief that he was just beginning to understand took him deep into the forest on the day that she returned to Churchill.

This time Meleese was gone only five months. She came back more beautiful and more wonderful to him than ever, and brought with her books and music and wonderful clothes which he had only seen in pictures before. This time she did



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not offer her lips for him to kiss. But she was happy, happier than Jean had ever seen her in his life. A week later the company's agent from Fort Churchill had come to the post, and with him his son. Ostensibly they had come to hunt caribou. It was then that Jean Pierrot saw why Meleese was happy. It was the young Englishman's voice that he heard now, singing as he went to his quarters at the factor's house.

JEAN slipped to the door and went out. Something which he could not master drew him toward Meleese, and not until he was near her cabin did he realize that under his arm he was carrying the old violin. Her window was still aglow, and suddenly the door opened and Meleese appeared. He started to move quickly away, but the girl saw him and even at the distance that separated them she recognized him.

"Jean!" she called. "Jean, is that you?" He stopped and she came out to him. "It is you, Jean," she said. "Why don't you answer?" There was a curious tremble in her voice as she caught sight of the violin. "I want to talk to you. I want to tell you something, Jean," she urged. "Will you come in?"

He followed her mutely into the cabin, and when he had seated himself Meleese brought a low stool and sat at his feet as in the old days. Her cheeks were flushed. There was a warm, soft glow in her eyes that frightened him. He knew what she was about to say.

"You are changed, Jean," she whispered, resting her arms on his knees and looking up into his face. "You are not like the old Jean—the Jean who—used to love me."

"I will always love you, my Meleese," struggled Jean. "Each night I pray the Virgin to give you happiness."

"You want me to be happy, Jean—always?"

"Yes."

Meleese lowered her eyes. There was a low, joyous note in her voice when she spoke.



"Suddenly the door opened and Meleese appeared."

"Day after to-morrow is Christmas, Jean. Very soon after that I am going to be married. I will not be completely happy until then."

Jean was quiet. Not a muscle of his face quivered.

"I wanted to be married on Christmas, Jean," continued Meleese gently. "But—I can't tell you any more. Are you glad, Jean?"

"Yes, I am glad," said Jean, scarcely hearing his own voice. "I am glad—that you are going to be happy."

He rose to his feet and went to the door, a blindness in his eyes, a chill like that of death in his heart. At the door he knew that once more he beheld the face of Meleese, lifted to him as in the old times, pleading, filled with the old love, giving him her lips to kiss. She *knew*. She was sorry for him. He kissed her and said, in his old, brotherly way,

"Good-night, ma belle Meleese. It is time for you to go to bed."

He went out into the deep snows, under the shining stars, deep into the gloom of the spruce forest. And Meleese, after he had gone, picked up the old violin, which he had forgotten, and played and sang the low, sweet music of the Cree love song which he had taught her years and years before.

IT WAS dull, gray day when Jean came back to his cabin. He built a fire and made coffee and bolted his door. He slept until toward noon, when it was time to make coffee again.

Through his window he watched the deepening of the gloom outside and listened to the wailing sounds that came with the wind from the north. In a little while one of the fierce arctic storms would break over the Barrens, and he wondered if the others at the post had taken warning and come in early. Then he began gathering a few things from about him and placed them on the table. They were

things associated with Meleese, and he sat, silent, looking at them for a long time. There were the three or four picture books which they had worn out, and over which they had dreamed together of the big, wonderful world which they

(Continued on page 17.)

# Angels of Doors

By Owen Oliver

Drawings by Arthur E. Jameson

IT WAS a few afternoons before Christmas. Playfair and I sat in the studio, drinking afternoon tea and smoking cigarettes. We were in a reminiscent mood and were congratulating ourselves upon the change in our fortunes since we came to these cheap attics some three years previously. In those days he was an artist who never sold a picture, and I was an author who never sold a story. Now he was offered more commissions than he could execute, and I had published two successful novels and found a fine demand for my short fiction. Nevertheless, we had stayed on in the attics, taking in a couple more of them to make up a suite. He liked the light up there and I liked the quiet, and we enjoyed carrying out an old vow to turn our dingy rooms into a palace of luxury.

The studio was his province, and he decreed that it should be Eastern. It had linoleum that aped a marble floor and a fountain that was really marble. There were Eastern couches and costly rugs and palms and curiosities that we had gathered in our annual holidays abroad. Our dining-room was Gothic, with handsome old oak. My study was Tudor, since my line was Elizabethan romance. The hall was Norman, with old weapons hung all over the wall and two suits of armor. Visitors gaped when they came for the first time. We were the richest attic dwellers in the world, we were telling each other with chuckles, when we heard a curious rapping at the outer door, as if some one had banged with a stick.

"The demon-angels!" Playfair prophesied.

The demon-angels lived in the three small attics which completed the top floor. Their title was a compromise between their character and their appearance. They were two small rascals of boys who looked like cherubs. They lived with two sisters whom we called the dragon-angels. This term was also a compromise between behavior and looks. They were pretty, proud girls, who had evidently been better off and considered attic neighbors beneath their notice. They had frozen our attempts at friendliness, and even kept the boys from communion with us.

I found no need to open the door. I heard the demon-angels run and I saw a letter on the mat. I carried it off to the studio, and Playfair and I read it together.

Pleas men in the uther sticks wil you pla yure pennaner loud cos we here it in our bedrum we go to bed at ate it is too eryl if you bang we can here we like funy songs the wun about Caroline is best. We mussett speke to you cos they think yure vulger cos you ware a velvy cote an wunce they sore the uther in shurt sleefs an sing komik songs but they diddent say we mussett rite. Dont tel them. Hopping you are wel as it leefs us, Yure afechurnit frens

TOMMY SPENCER—BOB SPENCER.

WE LAUGHED a bit, but I think we saw a pathetic side to the letter. I know I did, and Playfair wasn't the sort of chap to miss it.

"The kids are a bit lonely, without playmates," he said. "I suppose their bedroom is next to yours and they hear the piano when the door is open."

"We'll shift it to the doorway to-night," I proposed.

"Yes," he agreed. "Those girls don't appreciate the difference between a man and his coat."

"Or his absence of coat. The demons knocked at our door and ran away, and I went out to chase them. That was when the dragon-angels saw me. Oh, well, it's rough on them to come down to attics—if you come down when you go up to the sixth floor! I don't bear them any malice."

"Of course not," Playfair agreed. "They're too deuced pretty!"

We gave the boys a good concert that night. The next afternoon another letter was put through the slot.

It was joly good. Thanks. "The demon-angels are gentlemen," I observed.

"Yes," Playfair agreed; "and the dragon-angels are ladies—too much ladies!"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "They're down on their luck, and they feel it. I saw them this morning. They didn't deign to see me," I laughed. "They're most uncommonly pretty, old man."



ARTHUR E. JAMESON.

"I am afraid men are rather like boys."





ARTHUR JAMESON

"We identified my chimney  
by the smoke test."

"Yes," he agreed.

I played again that evening for the benefit of our young friends. The next morning I met them when I went out. They were leaning over the staircase, trying to drop small bits of coal on the porter. I pulled their ears playfully.

"I suppose I can speak to you," I said. "If you drop things down here you'll get in trouble. By the way, you mustn't tie tin cans on our cat. If you do, he'll hide inside the piano and it won't play. See!"

They rubbed their ears and grinned at me, and I inserted a coin in each dirty hand. I had another note in the afternoon.

We don't believe about the cat but we won't do it with sings Caroline it's funny thanks or fly. Tommy and Bob.

We heard them on the landing later and took out some chocolates. We put our fingers to our lips. So did they.

"He sings 'Caroline,'" I whispered, pointing to Playfair. "I only sing 'Star of Eve' and things like that."

The next afternoon there was a tapping at our door. The two urchins stood there, laughing and unabashed.

"The girls said—" both began at once. Then Tommy told Bob to "shut up."

"They said, if you spoke to us, we could answer politely," Tommy continued; "but if you gave us sweets, we ought to give them back." They both laughed.

"We'd eaten them 'fore they found out," Bob explained.

"He told them!" Tommy said wrathfully. "He's a silly kid!"

"Why did you tell them?" I asked.

"They saw the boxes," he apologized.

"And he wasn't very well," said Tommy. "He gobbled them up too fast. He's a beastly pig!"

"Pig yourself!" retorted Bob.

A fight seemed imminent, so I stepped between.

"Come in," I suggested, "and we'll speak to you and you can answer politely. Hi, Playfair! Two gentlemen want some polite conversation!"

I USHERED them into the studio, and Playfair shook hands and took Bob on his knee. He's fond of children. So am I.

"So we mustn't give you anything?" he remarked, when I had explained the situation.

"She only said sweets," Tommy pointed out.

"That was Marg'ret," Bob qualified. "Sis said anyfink."

"Shut up!" Tommy ordered. "We can't have two to mind; and Marg'ret's the oldest. I shall mind her—this time!"

"Then," Playfair proposed, "perhaps you'll have some tea." He rang the bell and ordered up a selection of pastries. They kept a sort of restaurant in the flats and we had all our meals from it.

The demon-angels explored our rooms and admired our treasures. They dressed up in our rugs and put on a selection of weapons from our curios. They wished to don the suits of armor, but the arrival of tea fortunately made a diversion at that point.

After tea I played the piano and Playfair sang "Caroline" several times (by request). The boys joined lustily in the chorus, which related how Caroline, when married, was found to have false hair, false teeth, a glass eye, a cork arm, a wooden leg, but "a temper of her own."

"Girls have awful tempers," Tommy observed. "Sis nearly boxed our ears yesterday, 'cos we took the sweets."

"An' eaten them," said Bob, grinning cheerfully. "Specks she wanted some herself. We don't care. If they hit you they can't hurt."

"Rot!" said Tommy. "They could, if they wanted to. They don't really try. They're all right."

"You ought to have saved them some of the sweets," I suggested. You greedy young pigs!"

"We're not!" cried Tommy indignantly. "They wouldn't eat your sweets, an' it wasn't any good saving them. We always give them some of our own."

"Yes," Bob corroborated. "We're going to give them a Santa Claus. We've saved up. It's a secret."

"Marg'ret is going to buy Sis's for us," Tommy added, "and Sis is going to get Marg'ret's. Hatpins." He sighed. "Hatpins aren't much," he apologized.

"You see, we haven't any father now. He used to give us the money."

"He's gone to heaven," said Bob solemnly. "I 'specks mother wanted him. She's been there a long time."

"Of course," said Tommy, "we wanted him, too." He sighed again. "Do you think"—he lowered his voice—"Santa Claus is quite fair?"

I looked at Playfair, and Playfair looked at me. We saw the point.

"I rather think," I said, "that Santa Claus isn't quite so rich as he used to be. You see, there are such a lot of children nowadays."

"Yes," Tommy agreed; "but he ought to bring the best things to those who haven't any father—I mean only in heaven. They can't buy presents there."

"Why not?" Bob queried.

"There aren't any shops."

"They might send an angel down to the stores," Bob suggested. "He could fly in the windows at night and bring the presents down our chimney. You wouldn't call it stealing if an angel took things, would you? Why mustn't you pray about Santa Claus?"

"You only pray for what you don't want, silly!" Tommy explained. "To be a good boy and things like that. You call to Santa Claus up the chimney."

"What have you called for?" Playfair asked.

"I—" they both began excitedly.

"One at a time," Playfair interposed. "Tommy first, because he's biggest."

"I called for a box of paints and a gun to fire darts, and an orange and candy," said Tommy. "That was the proper call, when Marg'ret and Sis were there. They said he wasn't rich enough to bring any more; but—"

"IT'S my turn," Bob interrupted. "I called for a box of soldiers and a sword and an orange and candy. They thought he'd bring them."

"We had another call by ourselves," Tommy added; but we didn't know if he was there. I asked for a fort and lots and lots of soldiers and a concertina, and Bob asked for a big box of real bricks to build houses and a gun to fire them down with."

"And we put it in our prayers, too," Bob confessed, "when Marg'ret and Sis wasn't there."

"Weren't," Tommy corrected. "There's no need to be a vulgar little boy because you live in an attic."

Playfair and I smiled at each other. We recognized that the remark was a quotation.

"Do you fink he'll bring them?" Bobby inquired anxiously.

Playfair patted his head.

"He'll bring 'the proper call,'" he pronounced, with a little twitch of his kind old mouth—there was never a softer-hearted chap than old Playfair; "but, you see, old man, Santa Claus is a bit poor and I've heard that he has to get the fathers to help him. I expect your father used to; and now I daresay your sisters would help him if they could, but I expect it takes a lot of their money to buy you nice clothes and boots."

Tommy nodded.

"I 'spect it's that," he agreed. "We wear out a lot of things. When Bob burnt his best coat—"

"It was your fault!" Bob cried. "You said burns would come out with soap."

"Well," said Tommy scornfully, "you were a fool to think I meant it! Sis cried."

"I should think so," I remarked. "If you want to try experiments with fire, Bob, you come and ask us first. We know all about it."

"I expect you know a lot of things," said Bob admiringly.

"A lot," I agreed.

"Do you know Santa Claus?" Tommy demanded.

"Slightly," I confessed; "just slightly."

"Does he ever let you help him?"

Playfair and I looked at each other again.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "I wish he would, old chap—I very much wish he would."

HE made the same remark to me when the urchins had gone home, with sundry small coins in their pockets, under a strict pledge of secrecy.

"I suppose there's no way of doing it?" he remarked.

"The dragon-angels would send them back," I said, shaking my head.

"Think so? They would, if they intercepted them on the road, no doubt; but if they'd once got into the children's hands—I gather they're fond of the little rascals and good to them. I scarcely think they'd take the toys away if we gave them to the boys. Wouldn't the young scamps be delighted?"

"And wouldn't the girls be hurt?" I reminded him. "I remember times when you and I were a bit sensitive over our poverty, Charlie."

He nodded.

"Do you recollect," he asked, "when we first knew each other, how we each tried to stand the other a dinner? The price of two dinners was about as much as either had."

I nodded, too.

"It's the sort of thing one doesn't forget," I said. "Funny thing the queer little bits of memory that one picks out and makes up a 'life' with! There's a lot will go before that, old man."

"Yes," he agreed; "yes. And there's the memory of those little chaps talking about their Santa Claus. You're the ingenious member of our partnership, Dick. Isn't there any way of doing it? Couldn't we send the things so that they wouldn't be traced to us?"

I considered.

(Continued on Page 35.)



"I called for a box of paints and a gun."



# The Christmas I Remember

Hale-tide Reminiscences of the Actor Folks from Many Lands and Climes

Compiled by Harriet Quimby

## Christmas in Sunny Italy.

THOSE who have had the good fortune to participate in the festivities of an Italian Christmas, as celebrated in the inner family circles of Rome, Bologna, Milan and, in fact, nearly all the principal cities of Italy, do fondly cherish the recollection as a memorable event, ne'er to be forgotten. How strange the prevailing Italian customs do seem to the uninitiated, as compared with those observed by American families of the same identical rank and station! In Italy the families have no Christmas trees. Owing to the religious tendencies with which the Latin race is imbued, their celebration and observance of Christmas are manifested by their erecting a little altar, covering the same with moss, and placing thereon little crypts, fashioned crudely out of straw or grass. Each household is the proud possessor of one of these crypts, intended for the reception of an image or statue of the Holy Infant Christ.

According to the pecuniary circumstances of the family, various statues, representing the Madonna, Joseph, etc., adorn this moss-covered altar. Candles are placed in a row before this holy crypt, and these are lighted when the peals and chimes of old St. Peter proclaim aloud to the world, o'er land and

sea, the joyous tidings that Christ is born anew. With what fervor the members of the family, be they old or young, do fall upon their knees before this home-made altar and devoutly pray! How they solemnly wend their way to church, a little past the midnight hour, to attend high mass, which lasts for several hours! 'Tis, indeed, a scene that beggars description! Those who have never witnessed such a Christmas celebration in the inner family circle of an Italian home can but vaguely imagine the solemnity and impressiveness attendant upon such an occasion.

The social side of the Italian Christmas evidences the same deep feeling as that of the religious. There is not much levity to it. The families exchange presents and tokens of affection, and a feature of the day is the late dinner, which usually occurs about nine or ten o'clock and continues until midnight, the various members of the family sipping wine, cracking nuts, eating sweets and enjoying to the utmost the society of one another. Italian families make it a point to reunite at Christmas, if at no other time of the year, members of the families frequently coming many thousands of miles to participate in the annual Christmas joys. Christmas with the Italians is not a holiday; it is a sacrament.

PIETRO MASCAGNI.

## Santa Claus in New Zealand.

THE ODDEST Christmas in my experience was one spent in flannels, sitting under the grateful shade of an awning and drinking the health of our friends in cooling beverages, as we listened to the lazy lapping of the warm Pacific against the sides of the trim New Zealand liner, *Riverside*. This was during my recent starring tour of the antipodes, of course, and it sounds all

simple enough to tell about it. But to actually experience a Christmas Day that was for all the world like a mid-August afternoon on this side of the globe is really a most curious thing. It upset all our ideas of the time and made the whole affair seem like a curious though not unpleasant dream. I had to pinch myself every few minutes to make sure that I was really awake.

At home Christmas is so inseparably associated with outdoor chill and indoor glow, with fragrant evergreens and brilliant holly, that it positively doesn't seem at all like the real Christmas to have the sun beating down as it did that day and the air coming across the decks in warm puffs. The sensation was almost as if we were standing upon our heads, looking at a topsy-turvy world from a totally new angle. But there is a delightful hospitality about our blood cousins over there that, if not precisely Christmasy, is most charming. On this particular trip the host of the Christmas dinner was Sir Joseph Ward, premier of New Zealand, who, with Lady Ward and the Hon. Eileen Ward, was returning from Sydney to Wellington. Sir Joseph ordered that every dish should be as nearly American as the larder and the climate permitted, and then he made, in honor of our



Pietro Mascagni and His Family.

party, a most gracious speech, extolling America and the Americans so warmly that I, as the representative of the stars and stripes, felt my bosom swell with pride as it had not done in years.

And the funny part of it is that I was born in Berlin!

HENRY KOLKER.

## Around the Festive Board in the Fatherland.

CHRISTMAS in Germany is observed differently than it is in America. There is no hanging up of stockings nor decorating Christmas trees. Instead, the celebration occurs on the night before Christmas, when the different members of the family gather beneath the parental roof, where a feast is prepared. After dining, they adjourn to the large sitting-room, in the center of which an immense table has been placed. Here the Christmas gifts are stacked. They are covered with a large cloth, and, at the word of command of the family patriarch, this covering is removed and the presents are on view.

Not alone does the family officiate in this celebration, but for one night in the year the servants meet on a common level with their masters and fraternize. Toasts are drunk to

the good health of the assembly and the presents are distributed. For the occasion cakes are baked, which each one present receives. On these cakes are inscribed sentiments peculiar to the celebration. It is on this night that the small boy and girl are permitted to stay up until twelve o'clock, and this leave of liberty is relished by the young, for not alone are they filled with the spirit of the occasion, but their elders join in the youthful games, and on this night of all nights in the year the German becomes a child again.

Around the festive board one chair remains vacant, although the plate in front of it is filled with the delicacies that grace the table. This custom harkens back to the ancient days, when, according to tradition, the Saviour unexpectedly visited on this night, and, lest He should take them unawares, everything was prepared for His coming. It may be that this custom grew out of the Biblical story of the wise virgins who had their lamps filled and the foolish virgins who had failed to fill their lamps for the coming of the Master.

HEDWIG REICKER.

## California Decorates Her Christmas Trees with Flowers.

CHRISTMAS is ever the great day of peace and good-will, whether it be a Christmas in New York or in London or in my own sunny California. That, of course, is what makes Christmas the wonderful day it is. It's as if a great electric spark flashed around the earth, touching all hearts, warming them with the spirit of happiness and driving out all evil thoughts, as the sun dispels the mists. I have spent very happy Christmas Days in the East and in London, but the happiest of all were those at home in California. Somehow, I always think, first of all,

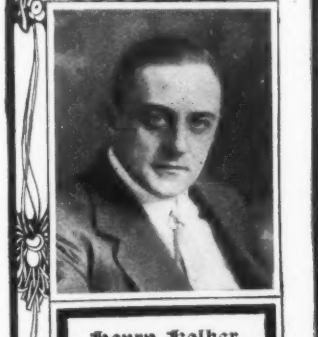
of the children on that day. It seems so peculiarly the day when we all become children again in our hearts, and as my early Christmas Days were lived out there on the shore of the great Pacific, it is only natural, then, that those should remain greenest in my memory.

Coming as I do from a theatrical family, it is also but logical that my Christmas Days have always been associated with the stage. I think every one of them saw our tree set up behind the footlights, even when I was a tiny girl. And the very prettiest of all was when, instead of the shiny trinkets, we decorated our tree with flowers. It made an odd but a wonderfully effective combination to have the dark green of the fir, which my father had sent down especially from the far northern woods, set off with brilliant-hued roses and peonies. And I shall never forget the surprise and pleasure the sight gave to a company that came from the East to play that particular Christmas at my father's theater in San Francisco. My father planned the affair very cleverly, too. He pretended that he was greatly displeased with the evening's performance and insisted that every one should stay for a rehearsal immediately

(Continued on page 52)



Blanche Ring.



Henry Kolker.



May Buckley.



G. P. Huntley.



Marie Cabill.

Hedwig Reicher.









JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Gentle Art of the Christmas Greeting.



# A Belated Christmas Present

Drawings by  
Frederick P. Rohver

By Katharine M. Bellinger

"THERE is absolutely no use of your coaxing, Bob, because I won't go to the Anderlee's Christmas dance with you and I won't marry you."

The six feet of masculinity in the Morris chair opposite Hilda Sebring inspected her calmly, from her blond and wavy coiffure to the toes of her little, patent-leather pumps. Then, instead of expostulating, as she had expected, he replied, with the utmost calmness, "I don't know that one is the natural sequence of the other, but I do think you might give me some reasons for your refusal."

"I'm just tired of having people say that you and I are a handsome couple," she answered him defiantly, "so I accepted Crosby Vanderdam's invitation to go with him."

An amused expression crept into Robert Brooks's face, as he retorted blithely, "In other words, you decided to eliminate this peach and become a pretty pair with Vanderdam."

"Now, Bobbie, you're hor—"

"Don't interrupt me, my child," he continued benignly. "We have merely concluded the dance. Will you now tell me why you will not become Mrs. Robert Brooks? Of course I know I'm not nearly good enough for you intellectually or any other way, but I'm strong enough to be your errand-boy for life, and I'm very gentle, obedient, and will eat anything, am especially fond of—"

"I do wish you'd be serious," interrupted Hilda. "I won't marry you, because I don't like your ideas about wife beating."

"Oh, I say, Hilda, you know perfectly well I'd never touch you, no matter what you did; but supposing, now that you have thrown me down, I am captured by some woman who has never grown up, and who is so childish that one can't reason with her. Suppose she does all sorts of outrageous things, in spite of the fact that I have reasoned and remonstrated with her until my vocal cords are frayed to the breaking point and my tongue is worn to a thread. Don't you think I'd be quite justified in administering a good, sound spanking?"

"I think you're a beast and a brute!" was the indignant response; "and I hope every girl to whom you propose will throw you down hard."

"But can't you see that—"

"No, I can't; and I'm tired of your disgusting, prehistoric ideas, and if you can't talk as a gentleman should, I don't want to have anything more to do with you."

With this parting thrust, Miss Sebring started for the door; but in some unaccountable way young Brooks arrived there first, and before Hilda realized what had happened, her face was between his hands and his brown eyes were gazing with compelling seriousness into her blue ones.

"Just a minute, little girl. There are two things that I want you to remember. First, that if you really loved me, my ideas would not count for tuppence. Second, that I am still on the stage, and always will be; but"—here he paused and tilted her chin slightly higher, so that he could look deeper into her eyes—"I do not again intend to take a speaking part until you give the cue."

THEN, before Hilda could regain her mental equilibrium, the front door closed behind him. In the days that followed, Hilda saw nothing of Bob. At first she scarcely missed him in the whirl of her Christmas preparations. Then, when the first snow fell and no Bobbie came to take her coasting, she realized that something was lacking. For years the first snowstorm had been the signal for a frolic down the steepest hill in that part of the country, followed by the jolliest little supper at the Country Club; and Hilda resented Bob's omission of the usual ceremony. To make matters worse, Mr. Sebring would not allow his daughter to coast with any one but Robert Brooks, as he was known to be the best steerer in the town; and "In such hazardous performances," said the Sebring paterfamilias, "one cannot be too careful." It really was most aggravating!

Christmas Day was drawing to a close before Hilda admitted to herself that she would much have preferred some little personal trifle from Bob to that book which any man might have sent to any girl. To be sure, she had given him nothing; but what had that to do with it? However, Crosby Vanderdam had sent her a whole armful of American Beauty roses, and she would carry every one of them to the dance, to show that top-lofty Robert Brooks that some one appreciated her, even if he did not. When, two hours later, Miss Sebring entered the Anderlee's ballroom, she created quite a sensation not only in the masculine minds, but also in those of her own sex, which is a much more difficult feat to accomplish. With her pale, shimmery, green draperies and magnificent-stemmed, red roses, she ap-

peared to Robert Brooks as the incarnate spirit of Christmas. And what a background for her, the huge ballroom festooned with evergreen and holly! In each corner was a bower of fir trees, into which one entered through a little, swinging gate, and sat on a rustic bench, overshadowed by half-concealed mistletoe.

Bob started forward; then, perceiving Crosby Vanderdam at Hilda's side, he usurped a woman's privilege and changed his mind. Hilda saw him turn away, and immediately bestowed her sweetest smile upon Vanderdam. The orchestra started, and they drifted away to the measures of the latest Viennese waltz.

Five, six, seven dances passed before Bob asked her for a dance. Miss Sebring smiled a trifle too sweetly as she replied, "My dances are all taken." She turned and presented the dance she had been saving for Bob to Jim Chester. To be sure, Jim was what one would slangily term "a lemon"; but she had played with him as a child, and he had always been nice to her.

WHEN Chester's share of the program arrived, it was a barn dance, and Hilda regretted her decision, as she had a suspicion that barn dancing was not one of Jim's strong points. She suggested that they sit out the dance, but James, like many other stupid people, was proud of his accomplishments and wanted to show that he could perform the newest Terpsichorean mazes as well as any one else; so Hilda yielded. He placed his arm about her waist, took two deliberate slides to the front with his right foot, then he repeated the performance with his left foot, and in this manner they slowly wended their way around the room. The fact that no one else barn-danced in this fashion did not disturb Jim in the slightest, but Miss Sebring could not repress a sigh of relief when the music ceased and Crosby Vanderdam led her to the most inconspicuous corner bower, where they were to eat their supper.

The waiter bore away their coffee cups, and Hilda leaned her fluffy head against the tree in back of her, with a feeling of thankfulness that the intermission was so nearly over. Crosby was unusually tiresome this evening, and his incessant flattery was positively sickening. Her eyes wandered restlessly over the room. How pretty and Christmasy it looked! Why, there was—no, it couldn't be!—yes, it was, too!—Bobbie Brooks with that horrid, snippy Evelyn Drake!

MISS SEBRING brought her truant gaze with great swiftness back to her companion. Apparently he had not noticed her inattention, so she felt perfectly safe in agreeing with his last remark, although she had not the slightest idea what it was. His eyes were wandering, also, but they never strayed far, as he was fascinated by the yellowness of her hair against the somber green of the tree. Suddenly his glance discovered the cluster of little white berries over her head. With disconcerting abruptness, the man leaned forward and kissed her once, twi—Not quite, for Hilda instinctively raised her hands, and with them the roses. His second kiss landed among the thorns. The girl looked at him, her eyes changing from violet to black, as anger distended the pupils. "How dare you do such a thing!" she raged; "and in a public place, too! Just suppose some one had seen this disgraceful scene! I should think, Crosby Vanderdam, that you'd be heartily ashamed of yourself!"

"It seems to me, Hilda," he sneered,



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his face smarting from the jagged scratches left on it by the thorns, "that you are becoming very particular all of a sudden. Any girl who has no hesitancy in converting the barn dance into a mere saunter around the room with a man's arm about her waist should have no objections to an occasional kiss, especially when—"

His sentence remained unfinished, for Hilda, with a look of unutterable scorn, brushed by him, and as she passed through the rustic gate into the ballroom, the roses fell in a crimson heap at his feet.

He followed her a few steps and she turned on him angrily.

"How dare you, sir!"

"Daring, my dear girl, is not the word—and yet—yes, I think I did read somewhere that it is the word most often used in the art of coquetry."

Hilda drew herself stiffly erect and looked him squarely in the eyes. He flushed and his eyelids drooped, though the sneer was still faintly perceptible about his lips.

"I—I beg—" he began flippantly.

"Pardon! No self-respecting girl, no woman who had in her a shred of decency could ever restate you—"

Perspiration stood out on his forehead. The flush faded until his face was ghastly white, and he bit his lip until the blood came. She went on mercilessly, her tone cold.

"I thought—how foolishly only I know!—that I admired you. I slighted a real man, so insanely did my weakness move me, to let you insult me more grossly than ever I was insulted before. No, I shall not hear you!"

She struck off the hand that he sought to lay upon her arm as if to check the denunciation that was ever becoming louder.

"For heaven's sake," he burst forth hotly, "do you want to publish it all through the house? I begged your pardon—or tried to. What more can I—"

Deliberately Hilda turned her back on him and walked sedately away.

Muttering, Vanderdam turned on his heel and stalked off to the coatroom.

Robert Brooks felt a touch on his arm, and there, with flushed face and down-cast eyes, stood Hilda. "I want to go home, please."

"All right," he responded cheerily. "Just wait here and I will send Vanderdam to you."

"No, you won't!" she flashed. "He has been disgustingly rude to me—"

"The beast!" interrupted Bob.

"And—and—won't you take me home, Bobbie?"

"There is nothing I'd like to do better, except to smash that cad's head. Run upstairs and put on your wraps, while I order a carriage."

As she descended the stairs, Hilda saw Vanderdam waiting for her at the foot. She held her head a little higher and started to pass him, but he blocked her way, demanding angrily, "Where are you going, Hilda?"

"I am escorting Miss Sebring to her home," said a voice at his elbow. "Stand aside, please."

He felt himself shoved so vigorously to one side that he almost lost his balance. He recovered it just in time to see his former partner, accompanied by Robert Brooks, disappear through the front door. Once safely ensconced in the carriage, Hilda looked at the snow-covered houses and ice-incrusted trees, then at the silent man by her side, then out the window again. Finally she said hesitatingly, "Bobbie?"

"Yes, dear— I beg your pardon."

"You needn't, because I was going to ask you if you would take me as a Christmas present."

"Of course I will." Then, as his arms infolded her, "Did you think for a minute I wouldn't?"

There was a soft, sweet silence for fully five minutes—a silence that told of peace.

Then—"Bob, dear?"

At that he pressed her more closely to him, and she breathed a sigh of utter content.

"Yes, my own." The words were muffled and ended in a smacking noise.

"Nothing," she said. "I'm happy, that's all."

In a few minutes a muffled voice came from the region of his coat lapel. "Bobbie?"

"Yes, darling."

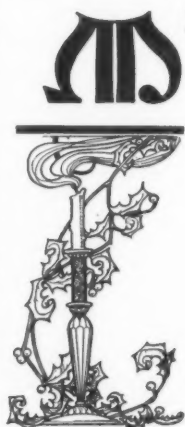
"Are you going to spank me with your slipper when I'm unreasonable?"

"Never, sweetheart, no matter what you say or do; but you may use one on me whenever you see fit."

In the silence which followed, the carriage drew up in front of a house, and, after waiting several minutes, the cabby wrapped his reins around the whip, then clambered down over the wheel to assist his fares to alight. Just as he was about to jerk the door open, he chanced to glance inside the carriage. Then, with the grin of a snowy and middle-aged Cupid, he returned to his place on the box.

## A Christmas Gift for Mr. Get-On-in-the-World

By Albert Frederick Wilson



MR. GET-ON-IN-THE-WORLD, you and I are not very well acquainted with each other. Perhaps I have been too much taken up with vagabond songs and meanderings by the side of the road. And perhaps you have been too busy plunging ahead to fill up the gap left vacant by quivering lips and faltering feet. Perhaps you'd tell me to sing less and work more and then everybody's load would be lighter. And I guess there's some truth in that.

Yet I am not always idle. For here is something I have made for you. I have not fashioned it with my own hands, but I got it from many travelers. It has been my luck to watch the weird procession surge by—driver and driven. This is one of the rewards of those who meander by the roadside. We get the tales of those who have come a long way and fainted, weary-hearted; and we get the laments of those who Got There and are trying to fight their way back again.

So this is what I have brought to you, Mr. Get-On-In-The-World. Nothing more nor less than a Christmas carol with little music to it and no rhyme.

To get on in the world a whole lot of you have started down the wrong road. Remember when you hesitated away back there at the fork in the highway? If you had taken that other road you'd have thought more from your breast and less from your head. You'd be hurrying forward to lend a hand to the chap falling in front of you, instead of losing time by kicking out at the poor devil behind you. You'd have a smile that children would treasure like mother love, instead of imitating with the mimicry of Hallowe'en false faces. You'd have nerves that would take you to bed at night and tuck you in, crooning soft lullabies, instead of poking their thin, bony fingers into your wide eyes to make a midnight revelry. You'd have a heart that pumped oceans of red blood into your veins, instead of glue, and you'd have a conscience that could snuggle up beside you in the quiet places.

Mr. Get-On-In-The-World, this isn't a very pretty carol to be singing outside your Christmas window. But if you will listen and give heed and go back to that fork in the highway, it will be the most precious Christmas gift that ever bulged out the toe of a Christmas stocking.

I got it from many travelers along the road, and they got it from One of Galilee.





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# The Passing of the Love Letter

By George Jean Nathan

Drawings by A. G. Hull

**T**HERE are two kinds of love letters. One kind is the love letter *you* write. This kind is heart-inspired, is as sacred as the great, incense-filled temple of Buddha, is the honest expression of a sincere and dominating sentiment. The other kind is the love letter the other fellow writes. This kind is asinine, silly, slushily sentimental and side-splitting. And yet, oddly enough, both kinds are one and the same. Love letters, like automobiles, depend entirely upon the point of view. One's idea of speed laws and laggard street-crossers changes according to whether one is in or out of the motor car at the time. So with the love letter. It is an abrupt jump from the bottom of the trunk to Exhibit A. Two of the most mirth-provoking things in the world are, respectively, scaring the life out of the other fellow by grazing him with your forty-miles-an-hour automobile and reading the other fellow's love letters in print—always provided, of course, you are not the other fellow.

But let us dismiss the automobile and confine ourselves to the sparking plug, or, as it is better known, the love letter. Some love letters, incidentally, have turned out to be much more expensive than automobiles. A punctured tire may be mended more cheaply than a lady's punctured heart, if the lady has been sufficiently far-sighted to save the love missives of the offending masculine tack. Breach-of-promise suits, in fact, are one of the fundamental reasons for the recent decline of love-letter writing in America. Mark Twain said that, inasmuch as he was paid thirty cents a word for everything he wrote, he preferred to write it "city" to "metropolis." It was shorter, quicker, easier.

The American man to-day, fearing that he may be compelled, by a sudden trick of fate, to pay many times thirty cents a word for his love letters when they have their day in court, similarly prefers to write it "dear" rather than "dearest." It is shorter, it covers the ground pretty well and it may save money. But the love letter, the basis of future homes and the genesis of the future of the race, suffers. And through circumstances such as these there has come about the almost total eclipse of the love letter—the real love letter, that is—the love letter of our fathers and mothers and their fathers and mothers and their fathers and mothers before them.

The telephone, with its "Get off the wire, there—I love you," and the introduction of fifty night words for the price of ten day ones undoubtedly have had their share in bringing about the death of the native *lettre d'amour*; but the fact remains that, first and foremost, the passing of love-letter writing has been due to the increasingly hostile attitude of the public toward the epistles indited by the much rather-to-be-pitied-than-scorned other fellow. The raillery and jesting and fun-poking to which the latter unfortunate has been subjected when his own thoroughly and righteously sacred love letters have been bared to the vulgar, hypocritical gaze have thrown the shivers into the pen that once freely bespoke its sentiment and have induced the widespread feeling that the love letter is a silly thing at best, unworthy of the "practical" man and allowable only in the cases of poets, Italian violinists and other crazy persons.

This state of affairs has come to the point where, recently, several writers of love letters—and very good love letters at that, if I am a judge—have denied that they were the authors of the love letters in question, once the letters were brought before the cold public eye as the result of a *contretemps* with the particular Lady Fair whose name appeared on the envelopes. Here was evidenced a sorry state of affairs, my countrymen. Ashamed of their own love letters! Shades of ye love-letter geniuses of other days, Dean Swift and Beethoven, Diderot and Wagner, Byron and Goethe, Thackeray, John Stuart Mill, Shelley, Hugo, Raison—aye, the great Napoleon himself! And kings, too, and more emperors and soldiers and conquerors and world powers—all these wrote, and not one was there among them who was ashamed.

**D**ID Byron plead that his thankless lady had forged his love letter from out a book of his poems? Did the brave Neipperg cry that the thankless lady had culled a love letter alleged to be his from a foreign source? Or did the greatest man proud France has ever known quiver before the sight of his own script of sentiment? Were they not, each of them and all, proud to have written the splendid love letters they knew how to write, did write and wrote often? A distinguished gentleman said to me not long ago that he hoped some day that his love letters might be brought into court, so that he might have the satisfaction, the veritable joy, of being permitted to reply to the questioning judge, "Indeed, sir, I *did* write them. I wrote many like them in other days to other sweethearts, and God grant that I may write many more in the days that are to come." And if the distinguished gentleman's love-letter levity merits its dram of censure, his the laurel for thus championing the cause of the most worthy of documents in all the universe!

Concretely, what is a good love letter? "In order that a love letter may be what it should be," said Raison, "one should begin it without knowing what he is going to say, and end it without knowing what he has said." Which, while not discreet according to the present unhappy view of the situation, stands foremost as the best of all definitions. "The looks of the eyes are the finest love letters,"

thought the famous Ninon de L'Enclos; while Alfred de Musset, hypocrite that he was, said, "In love matters, keep your pen from paper"—after which he sat himself down and wrote George Sand and the beautiful Aimee any number of what have come to be established examples of love-letter masterpieces.

**T**HUS, for instance, did De Musset "keep his pen from paper": "One harsh word from you would cause me more pain than all the rest have given me joy, for I know you now and I love you, and neither of us can help it. This letter shall at least carry something of my heart to another, in which I confide and which may do with mine whatever it pleases. . . . Let me tell you what my experience has taught me. To dream beautiful dreams and desire to make them realities is the first, the inevitable trait of human hearts. Nevertheless, the reality of life, with its disillusion, sooner or later seizes upon virgin hope and drags it down from highest heaven. This is no moralist's phrase—it is an eternal truth. The first experience, Aimee, consists in suffering, in finding out that dreams seldom come true—or, even if they do, they wither and die from contact with actual worldly things. A mood of bitter reflection is the result of this first trial. The heart, wounded in the very essence of its being and at its earliest passionate throb, seems broken and bleeding for all time.

"Yet we live on, and to live we must love. So we do love, fearlessly (note



"In love matters, keep your pen from paper."

A. G. Hull  
1910



the word), even defiantly; and gradually, as we look about us, we perceive that, after all, life is not so sad as we had supposed it. Such is my experience, Aimee. \* \* \* I do not repent my letter, because it has made me know you and love you more than ever. What pained me in your last two letters was that I fancied I could feel that you loved me less and that my foolishness had shocked your delicacy instead of being excused by your heart. Why, sweet angel, should you call that ribaldry which in reality was only a little gayety and a great deal of genuine joy in the man who thought you cared for him? Would you like me sad or serious? Impossible, so long as you love me! When you shall tell me you love me no longer, then my tragic time will come. Until then, why reflect and make myself miserable? Love is everything, and for the rest we two together can laugh at the puny efforts of misfortune to touch us."

**A**ND reading this, let the crowd of love-letter scoffers who have oft been wont to take refuge in De Musset's caution, "In love matters," et cetera, begin to doubt themselves. For—may we say until now?—there have been ten thousand persons who have frequently quoted that bit of advice for the meager handful who were well aware that its author did not believe in it himself. Where, pray, in this great America of ours, where, in one of its attic trunks, does there repose a twentieth-century love letter such as this of De Musset? "Ah, well," you make reply, "but does not the simple calico line, 'I love you, dear,' penned at the end of a modern-day letter, give sound to the love record of its writer's heart just as effectively, just as sincerely, just as well as the flowered-satin verbiage of other days?" And who shall say that you may not be right? But the suspicion remains insistent that the simple line of which you speak, the "I love you, dear," suggests either the limit of the modern writer's power of expression on the subject or is clearly indicative of his unwillingness to devote any more time than is absolutely necessary to the inditing of his letters of affection.

The typewriter has ruined the love letter. The metallic, businesslike clicking of the lettered keys dares its operator or dictator to think in terms of sentiment. Love letters are now written just before the market closes or during the five minutes before old Bill Jones is due to meet you for luncheon. And, consequently, the love letter has degenerated, has passed. The tired business man has hurt the love letter far more than he has hurt the drama. And the tired business man's sweetheart, wearied by her bridge, her modiste, her coiffure artist, her athletic diversions, her manicure, her opera and her reading of the six best selling platters, has dismissed the love letter with a telephone call or a picture postal card. The American woman writes love letters nowadays only for publishing purposes.



"The telephone has killed the lettre d'amour."

There are two dozen books of make-believe "Love Letters of Somebody" for one real, heart-inspired and actually mailed love letter. For one Madam de Sartory there are to-day ten thousand ineffectual letter-writing Gladyses; for one Marguerite de Valois, a hundred thousand hello-central-calling Gwendolyns; for one Marie Louise, a million pen-weakling Susans.

**M**OST lovers of to-day, according to the baffling psychology of an all-dominating prosaicism, are ashamed to write love-letters. They say to themselves, with Shakespeare, "Henceforth my wooing shall be expressed in russet yeas and honest kersey noes." There is decision, finality in their written love making; it is russet, not rose-colored or romantic purple. The men of here and now are wont to believe that love letters are meant only for the pens of women, and the women of here and now are resigned to believe that love letters may be entrusted to the pens of professional writers of romantic fiction. They may yearn for the ability to write love letters, these women of the unglamorous to-day, but, lacking that ability, they prefer—a preference obviously engendered by necessity—to make love at ten cents a call or by marking certain passages in a dollar-and-a-half novel that best seem to approach their own sentiments, and sending the novel to the object of their affections, either by a sham-bled-gaited messenger boy or as second-class matter—usually as second-class matter.

And here we have the phrase that aptly covers the written love making of to-day. The era of second-class love letters is with us. We are, indeed, even worse. We are travelers in the love-letter steerage, many of us tossed about on the sea of love to the point of physical and mental distress, yet without the means to obtain at least partial relief from Cupid's *mal de mer*. We simply *can't* write love letters.

#### L'ENVOI.

Christmas, in the world's theater, heralds the fall of the curtain, a week hence, on the last scene of the year's farcical comedy-drama. New Year's Eve, with its blaring horns, its blinding confetti and its prospective "resolutions," is beginning to peep through the frosty windows. Let us hold out our arms to the stranger, and when we make our usual promises to it, our usual resolutions, let us this year put one deep down in our hearts. And let us nourish this little resolution until it outgrows its short pants and becomes big and strong. Let us resolve, my brethren, to write at least one love letter during the year of our Lord 1911 that will not sound, after the manner of its predecessors, just as if it had been culled from Louisa M. Alcott. Dip your pens in deep, apply them to the eager stationery, let them write what they feel, and maybe—maybe, I say—the day of love letters in America will return. Don't be afraid! The penalty, at the worst, is only matrimony.

## Christmas Verse

### The Carol of the Christmas Tree

By Arthur Guiterman

It was the good Sainte Winifred  
Went walking through the Wood  
Where 'round the Oak, in Worshippie dread,  
The gloomie Heathen stood;

The Sainte he smote a mightie Stroke  
Upon that pagan Tree,  
When crashing fell the bloodie Oak  
And burst in Pieces three.

But safe amid the Ruin, lo!  
There grew a lyttel Fir,  
Its glossie Branches hung with Snow  
Like royall Miniver.

Then spake the Sainte to alle that Throng:  
"From out the Forest drear,  
Go, bear the Fir with festal Song,  
For Christmasse Time is here.

"Thys lyttel Tree, the Forest Childe,  
With silver Snow bedight,  
Shall be a Symbol undefiled---  
Youre Holie Tree, to-night.

"Beholde! its Boughs are ever green,  
It pointeth to a Starr  
To speake of endlesse Life, I ween,  
And Peace that Noughte shall mar.

"Soe call its Name, 'the Christ-child Tree';  
Beneathe its Shade be known  
But loving Gifts and harmlesse Glee  
And kindlie Rites, alone!"

Then sing of Blesséd Winifred,  
A holie Sainte was he!  
And sing of good Sainte Winifred  
Around the Christmasse Tree!

### A Poet's Gift

By Shaemas O Sheel

The coming of the Holy Child  
Was like the breathing of a song,  
A sudden thrill of rapture mild  
For weary men and worlds gone wrong.

So if at Christmas-time I send  
No treasure rich nor tribute long,  
Scorn not my heartfelt greeting, Friend---  
Like Christ, it comes on wings of song.





### Christmas Eve in the United States Navy.

Giving the famous Highland toast and song for sweethearts and wives. Wherever Uncle Sam's fighting ships are stationed throughout the world, it is the custom of the officers to rise, as here depicted, at the conclusion of the Christmas Eve festivities in honor of the absent home folks. This sketch was made from life by the noted marine artist, T. Dart Walker, while crossing the Arabian Sea on board the battleship "Kansas."



## How Santa Claus and Aunty Claus Kept Christmas at the Pole

By Lowell Otus Reese

Drawings by Harry A. Pytko

'T WAS on the stroke of twelve o'clock when Santa Claus got back,  
Not even one lone sugar plum remaining in his pack;  
High up on his ice mountain home he paused to breathe a while  
And gaze along the sleeping world with a contented smile.  
Above his head and all around the frosty stars were hung,  
And back and forth across the north the bright aurora swung;  
While, glistening in the changing lights, upon the topmost knoll,  
All newly spangled by Jack Frost, rose high the Northern Pole.



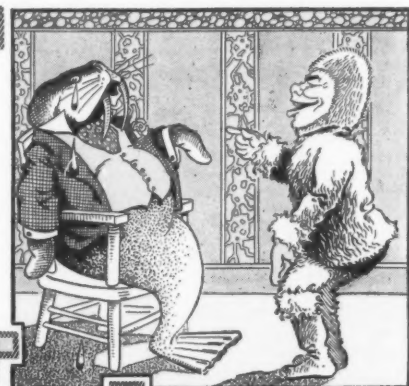
THOUGHT Santa Claus, "The whole wide world is wrapped in slumber deep,  
And I the only living soul that isn't fast asleep!"  
Just then the door of solid ice behind his back swung wide,  
And like a flash illuminated all the mountain side.  
Within the brightly lighted hall arose a mighty din,  
And out the Polar Bear came with a wide, expansive grin.  
"We all," he said, "have gathered here to help with heart and soul,  
Good Santa Claus and Aunty Claus keep Christmas at the Pole."



THEN bowing low to Santa Claus and offering his arm  
With diplomatic courtesy, which was his chiefest charm,  
He led the way into the hall, where jolly Santa found  
Assembled every neighbor for a dozen miles around!  
Upon the board of spangled ice a smoking banquet lay,  
And swift the hungry Polar Bear drew Santa Claus that way.  
Upon his right, with beaming face, just comfortably fat,  
Good Aunty Claus beside him in the place of honor sat.



AT last the banquet was a wreck. The cheerful Esquimau  
Leaned back in quiet blissfulness; but weakly to and fro  
Old Daddy Walrus rocked himself and moaned "Alas!" If he  
Had scorned that last mince pie it would have saved much misery!  
His moans of anguish changed into an agonizing roar  
When Aunty Claus besought him to have just one dumpling more.  
And then up rose old Santa Claus and stilled the noisy mirth  
For just a moment while he gave the toast of Peace on Earth.



THEN they sang Christmas carols; but each sweet and holy strain  
Was marred by Daddy Walrus who still voiced his inward pain;  
But, ah! the dance that followed, when the board was cleared away,  
And high up in the gallery the band began to play!  
Quick Santa Claus and Aunty Claus arose and led the march.  
(The Polar Bear danced stiffly, for his shirt was full of starch.)  
The steps the dancers took were simply wonderful, but, oh!  
The kisses that were stolen underneath the mistletoe!



THE stars were growing pale and dim, the east was turning gray,  
Before the band played "Home, Sweet Home," and sent the throng away.  
Still singing Christmas carols, they went trooping through the snow,  
The sleepy Polar Bear beside the cheerful Esquimau.  
And many were the kindly words, and hearty the hurrahs  
They sent back through the darkness to the ears of Santa Claus.  
And not one but remembers yet, deep in his kindly soul,  
How Santa Claus and Aunty Claus kept Christmas at the Pole.



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## The Violin.

(Continued from page 15.)

knew was somewhere beyond their forests; a Bible, frayed and worn, pathetic in its ragged poverty, which Meleese had given to him three birthdays before, and a dozen other trinkets, each bringing back to Jean some sweet memory of the past. From among these Jean chose two things—the Bible and a pair of worn little shoes of caribou skin that Meleese had kicked and crowded in before she could walk. He put them in the pocket of his leather coat and went to the window.

The darkness outside was almost that of night. With the whistling cry of the wind there came now biting clouds of hard, shot-like snow that beat in volleys against the cabin. The factor had lighted his big lamp in the company store. At the far end of the clearing Jean saw a star of light shining faintly in Meleese's window, and he cried out her name softly to himself.

"Meleese, Meleese, my sweet Meleese," he breathed, as gently as though she were listening to him, "I am glad that you are happy. But Jean Pierrot cannot stay to see you marry the Englishman. As soon as the storm is over, I will go."

He pulled out a worn pack-sack from under his bunk and put into it a few necessary articles of food and his blankets. A knock at the door interrupted him. When he opened it, MacDougall, the factor, burst in, his face beaten red by the storm. With a quick, anxious glance he swept the dark room.

"Brant isn't here?" he demanded.

"Brant, the Englishman—no," said Jean.

"He went out this morning—alone—to hunt caribou on the Barrens," continued the factor. "He hasn't come back. If he's caught in this storm—lost—"

Jean looked steadily at him.

"Le m'sieur will die," he said quietly.

A spark of fire leaped through his blood. It warmed him, heated him, filled him for an instant with a strange, tingling sensation of joy, which he fought back and crushed as the factor nodded and stared at him.

"Gawd! yes—he will die," said the factor. "I have sent men out to fire guns, but they won't dare to go a half mile from the post. Look!" he cried, pointing out of the window. "It's blacker than night! Out on the Barrens you wouldn't live two hours in that storm unless you buried yourself under the snow. And he doesn't know enough to do that."

MacDougall opened the door and faced the storm again.

"You can't hear a gun," he called back, "and they're firing every half minute!"

"He will die!" repeated Jean, going again to the window. "Le m'sieur, the Englishman, will die!" The volleys of snow hid the light in Meleese's window. "He will die!" he repeated again and again; and he looked through the storm and the blackness, through the thick log walls of Cummins's cabin, and saw the white, terror-stricken face of Meleese. "He will die!" He strapped the pack-sack over his shoulders and took down his rifle from the wall, opened the door and struggled against the storm toward the home of Meleese. "He will die, he will die, he will die!" he repeated again and again; and the words were ringing in his brain when he came to the door and Meleese let him in. She was alone. She ran to him and caught him by the arm, but his eyes, half blinded by the storm, looked over her. He saw his violin, and with a sudden movement he caught it in his hand. He knew that Meleese was clinging to him, sobbing to him; but he looked over her still, gently pushing her away from him, and reopened the door.

"We will find him, Meleese," he cried, above the storm. "We will find him—and bring him back to you—Jean Pierrot—and le violon!"

He sprang out into the storm. It whistled about his ears. The snow pellets bit his flesh like a thousand needles as he lunged into it. Above it all he heard a voice following him—the voice of Meleese.

"Jean—Jean—Jean—"

"We will bring him back," he replied. "We will bring him back—Jean Pierrot and le violon!"

The night and the tumult swallowed him, and he turned his head toward the Barrens.

It was death ahead of him. Jean

Pierrot knew that, and yet with the knowledge of it there entered into him a strange, sweet happiness that robbed the storm of its terror and pain for him. *Le m'sieur*, the Englishman, would die; and he, Jean Pierrot, would die. But he would die for Meleese, which would be a happiness. This was better than running away, as he had planned to do. He would hunt for the Englishman. He would try to find him, for Meleese. But he had no hope, and the very hopelessness of his quest brought him comfort. When the end came he would lie down, with his beloved violin close beside him, and they would pass out together. He stopped to tuck the violin in his pack. The touch of it and the knowledge that it was with him, the mute spirit of it watching over him and guarding him to the end, filled his heart with content. They were the only two left in their world now—he, Jean Pierrot, and the old violin.

He came to the edge of the Barrens. He struck out boldly, where Brant must have gone first in search of caribou, his head bowed against the storm and his thick fur cap pulled low over his face and ears. He guided himself by the wind. So long as it was in his face he knew that he was traveling north; when he swung westward it was against his right side. At the end of half an hour he stopped, swung his rifle to his shoulder and fired two shots. The slashing wind cut the reports off at the muzzle of his gun and carried them away so quickly that they seemed to die almost instantly. As a matter of duty he stopped at intervals of every ten minutes or so and fired two shots, and stood for a moment listening. At the end of an hour he knew that he could not have retraced his steps to the post. The Barrens had swallowed him.

He still went north and a little west, feeling his way instead of seeing, shouting now and then between his rifle shots the name of Brant, the Englishman. After a time it seemed to him that every time he shouted and each time he fired his gun the wind seemed to howl and shriek at him louder than before, until at last he could scarcely hear his own voice or the sound of his rifle. It did not occur to him at first that the ceaseless, terrific beating of the storm was deafening as well as blinding him, or that his voice was growing weaker instead of the storm growing stronger. Three times during the second hour he dropped down into the dry snow dunes and buried himself for a few minutes at a time. From the beginning of the third hour he did this as frequently as he fired his rifle.

He swung to the southwest. So suddenly that it startled him, there came a lull in the wind. The volleys of snow pellets staggered, dropped like spent shot and fell lifeless about him. And in that moment there came a great, throbbing leap of life into Jean Pierrot's heart. From ahead of him—very near—there came to him faintly a sound that was not of the storm. It was a voice. He heard it twice, three times; and then, far in the arctic darkness behind him, there came a moaning, whistling, rushing sound. The storm swept over him again, and he stood trembling, breathing a mute prayer. He knew what had happened, and why it had happened. The God of the Virgin and his forests had quieted the storm for a dozen breaths that he might hear, ahead of him, the voice of Brant, the Englishman.

He staggered on, straining his eyes now through the snow gloom and calling as loudly as he could through his swollen lips. He was still looking ahead when he stumbled against something dark and inanimate in the lee of a dune through which he struggled knee deep. He dropped into the snow beside it, knowing that it was Brant before his blistered eyes gained strength enough to see.

"M'sieur!" he cried. "M'sieur!"

Brant did not move, and Jean drew off his mittens to feel of the man's face. Ten minutes before Brant's lips had uttered the cries he heard, and there was still life in him. He mumbled something that was lost in the storm as Jean lifted his head in his arms. The sound of the voice, faint as it was, filled him with the old, maddening fire. For an instant or two it overmastered him, and he drew back to look at the Englishman, dying in the snow. Two or three miles to the south were the forests. He could reach them and build a fire. Brant would die, and then—well, he could not allow himself to dwell for any length of time upon what would follow.

(Continued on page 31.)

# From the World's Capitals Come Enthusiastic Endorsements of **Sanatogen** THE FOOD-TONIC

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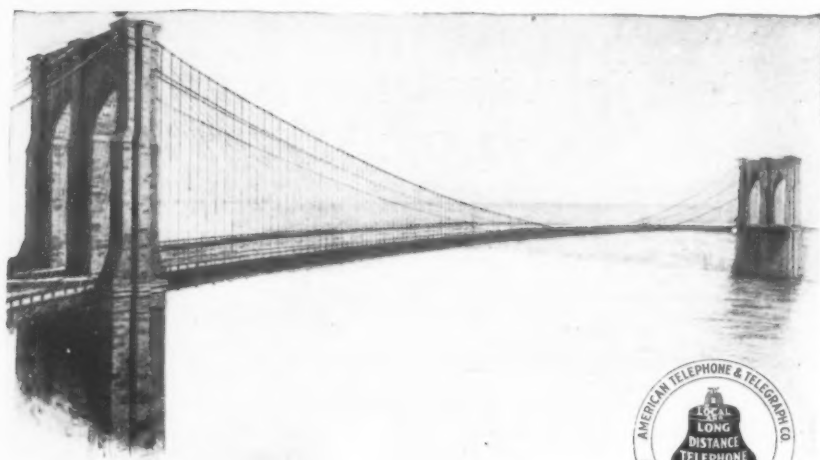


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**T**HE life-insurance world has its "gold bricks" the same as the mining world. Most of these "gold bricks" will be found in stock-selling concerns who give away stock with insurance policies. About every so often fake insurance associations spring up, dispose of a large amount of stock to an unsuspecting public, and then disappear, leaving a trail of worthless stock and valueless policies. It is surprising how any sensible man can be duped by any solicitor of a swindling concern. Yet letters to me show that many people are "taken in" by the rainbow promises of some agent who has a smooth tongue. I am always glad to give information as to the financial standing of any insurance concern. Any local banker will do the same for one of his depositors. Hence there is no excuse for a man being swindled in life insurance. The last place that a man wants to put a "gold brick" is in the financial foundation of his home.

H. McKeesport, Pa.: I would advise an older and stronger company. Get the best in life insurance.  
H. West Palm Beach, Florida: I do not believe in the sort of business the concern has been doing. It is a mistake to mix speculation with life insurance.  
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L. Washburn, Ill.: I think it would be a wise thing to do, although usually I am against making such transfers. The Northwestern Mutual is strong and sound.  
E. Norwood, O.: Write to Paul Morton, President Equitable Life Assurance Society, 120 Broadway, New York, stating the circumstances and the age of the boy. Also write to Dept. 67, Prudential Life, Newark, N. J.  
W. Dallas, Tex.: The Loyal Americans of the Republic are in the assessment class. I have frequently expressed the opinion that assessment insurance is not as safe or satisfactory as insurance in an old line company because assessments are apt to be the heaviest at a time in life when one's burden should become easier.

*Hermit*

### It Is So Easy To Tear Down.

**A** FEW years before his death, Professor Goldwin Smith prepared an address on "The Religious Outlook," which was to have been delivered at a reception tendered to the retiring pastor of the Unitarian Church, of Toronto. Owing to the feebleness of Professor Smith, it was not delivered at the time and was not published until quite recently in the *New York Sun*. In it he follows the old, familiar lines of doubt, expressed especially as to the ultimate passing away of the Christian Church and the possible substitution in its place of a social organization without divine sanctions or invitations or promises. The weakness of this posthumous article is that which Professor Smith always displayed when writing upon the subject of Christian faith—he gives nothing in place of what he takes away; and because he himself could see nothing that would take the place of a lost traditionalism, he imagines that no one could.

A scholar of the first rank, nevertheless, in questions Biblical and religious, Goldwin Smith went only half way. He got through the destructive stage of modern criticism, but failed completely to progress further. He is like a traveler who descends a mountain because he can no longer approve the laborious, old-fashioned way men in the past had used in reaching the top, and who then closes his eyes, turns his back and refuses to ascend even by a new and better way that had been found. He chose to dwell in the valley of religious doubt and despair, and so had nothing to pass on to others but beautiful doubts. In everything but religion he was a modern. In the paper in question he harks back to Bishop Butler and to Paley and Bridgewater, and because the evidences of natural religion which appealed to the people of their day no longer pass current

among us, he concludes that the foundation of religion has gone.

It was the late Goldwin Smith's frequent habit to refer to the Biblical account of creation and the fall, and, because a literal interpretation of the Scriptures does not here harmonize with the hypothesis of evolution, he seemed to have concluded it was impossible for any one to accept at the same time the religious account of creation and the fall as given in the Bible and the scientific explanation as furnished by evolution. Though an ardent lover of truth, for some reason Professor Smith failed to become readjusted to the new order in its application to religion, and so he shut his eyes to the possibility that any one else could be and the further fact that hundreds of men as brilliant as he in the field of scholarship have had no difficulty in keeping their faith in the face of the revelations of science and historical criticism.

It is a pity that one with an intellect so clear and strong and a nature so earnest in the search for truth should have been all his life a negative force only in the realm of religion. Goldwin Smith has passed away, but the Christian Church and the Holy Scriptures remain and will abide through all time.

### What's the Matter with the Churches?

**T**HE STORY which went the rounds of the daily press to the effect that fifty-seven ministers of the Iowa Methodist Conference were compelled to quit the ministry on account of insufficient salaries has been shown to have had no real foundation. In a recent comment upon the subject of the pitifully small compensation generally received by the clergy, LESLIE'S referred to the above report, which had not at that time been controverted. We are glad that we can note the error of the previous statement, so far as it referred to the ministers of the Upper Iowa Methodist Conference. The secretary, Rev. W. H. Singerland, D. D., reports, on the contrary, that the conference "actually received the largest class in half a decade." This does not in the least invalidate our contention.

There is no profession or calling which demands such long and expensive preparation as the ministry, which asks such varied and untiring service and which receives such meager compensation. Nor is the fact controverted that the average ministerial salary in the United States, according to government reports, is only \$663, and that there are literally thousands of the clergy, especially in rural districts and throughout the South, who receive considerably less than \$600 a year. Secretary Rice, of the Congressional Board of Ministerial Relief, reporting for his society at the National Council of Congregational Churches, in Boston, said that the permanent fund and the annual offerings from the churches were wholly inadequate for meeting the "pressing and pathetic" cases which came before the board. And a layman—Dr. Lucien C. Warner, of New York—addressing the body on "Larger Things for Ministerial Relief," declared, "The tales of actual want and suffering borne without complaint by our heroic ministers and their families are enough to wring the hearts of those whose duty compels them to know the facts. Is it any wonder that the ranks of our ministry are not kept well filled and that it is difficult to persuade our brightest graduates to enter the ministry?" These pleas before the Congregational body were for those ministers who, because of broken health or old age, have been compelled to retire from the active ranks. Their needs are "pressing and pathetic" simply because during their active careers they received barely a living wage, and not always that.

What the underpaid ministerial profession wants is not pity, but justice. The churches must recognize the fact of a higher cost of living and prepare to deal justly with those who give to the church the best years of their life. In so far as it fails to do this, the church loses the respect of the world and forfeits a large measure of the influence it might have. And it loses, also, some of the brightest young men from our colleges, who either enter business or other professions, or who, if they still look for a distinctively religious field, enlist in the service of the Y. M. C. A. instead of the church.



## Christmas Eve in Bethlehem.

(Continued from page 5.)

birthplace of our Saviour Jesus Christ," rests upon the hills. The houses are of stone, like most of those in Jerusalem and elsewhere in the Holy Land. The population does not exceed 10,000 and is said to be composed mainly of Christians. When we entered the city, along narrow, winding streets, we observed that the people were occupying the roofs of houses and other points of vantage, awaiting the entry of the Latin patriarch who was coming from Jerusalem to participate in the religious services in the Church of the Nativity—an annual stately event of which much is made. There was a holiday appearance about the ancient and historic place, suggested by the assembled multitude, which greatly impressed the stranger. We met the leading officials of the government and were invited to a position upon the public building, where we met a number of the representatives of other governments.

A carpet had been spread in the street immediately opposite us, and about it were assembled a number of bishops and other church dignitaries, awaiting the arrival of the head of the church. It was an orderly crowd that thronged the streets and massed upon the buildings for many squares. The people were, in the main, attired in their peculiar native costumes and presented a scene of rare interest to those who were from the West. After waiting nearly an hour, our patience was rewarded by the arrival of the patriarch, who was accompanied by soldiers—his escort from Jerusalem—and by a committee from the city and church which went out from Bethlehem and which met him not far from the Well of the Magi. He paused upon the carpet in the street and was there invested with the robes and insignia of the office he was to occupy in the services in the Church of the Nativity. This church, by the way, as its name signifies, is upon the traditional site where our Saviour was born. When the enrobing ceremony was concluded, the patriarch led the way upon foot through the street to the church, some two or three blocks distant. A vast multitude followed, and soon the sacred edifice was occupied to its capacity. Mass was celebrated. We remained for a while, and then retired to visit some of the sacred spots near at hand.

Not far from the church I observed a stone house, the humble but respectable home of a native. A donkey stood near the door; I thought that he might be one of the occupants of the home. I called upon the head of the house and learned that I was not mistaken and that the donkey was permitted to enter through the same door with the family. The former went below, down a pair of stone steps, while the latter, together with some chickens and doves, occupied the ground floor. It occurred to me that it was probably not unlike the dwelling which once stood near by, and in which was born the greatest figure in the world; and that, in a large sense, the whole was considered as a manger. We returned to Jerusalem late in the afternoon for dinner and a rest, as hotel accommodations in Bethlehem were not particularly inviting.

At ten o'clock at night we again set out upon our pilgrimage to the holy spot where was centered the thought of hundreds of millions of Christians throughout the world. Bethlehem! What a sweet and majestic name! The story of it was being told from countless pulpits and was bursting forth in song the world about. It was being told about the hearthstones in the abodes of the humble and in the mansions of the great. It was Bethlehem's particular day, when she claimed the attention of the world as no other city claimed it. Our dragoman provided us with a carriage well inclosed, as the air was sharp. The moon was well up, and if the barren, rocky hills and the valleys had been clothed with snow, it would have seemed like an old-fashioned, moonlight, New England Christmas. Our horses were adorned with bells, which they habitually wore and which tended to give a familiar Christmas aspect to the scene.

As we passed out of Jerusalem upon a slow trot, we encountered processions of camels going to and fro with their monotonous swing, as they had done for centuries. Some of the riders had accomplished their day's work in the city and were en route to their distant homes, and others were coming in for the night

or business the day following. When we reached the Well of the Magi, a large, bright star above Bethlehem burst upon our vision. It came into view as we reached a summit in the road. The moon was above and back of us, and no other stars were visible from our inclosure, so this particular star almost startled us when we first saw it. I called the dragoman's attention to it, and for a moment he was almost speechless. He said he had never seen it, and thereafter frequently commented upon the incident. As we progressed, the star seemed to rise and fall as we followed the undulations of the highway, until we entered the narrow streets of Bethlehem, when we lost sight of it. There was, of course, nothing marvelous about it—it was a perfectly natural phenomenon; but observing it, as we did, under the circumstances, it was particularly impressive.

We found a large audience assembled on Christmas Eve in the ancient church of Bethlehem. Mass was being celebrated. The Latin patriarch was there, assisted by the chief functionaries of his church. A few Americans were present, some of whom we had met in America, and there were several people from the leading Christian countries. The larger number of the worshippers, however, were natives. The audience was intensely interested. The larger part of it was obliged to stand for several hours; if any one yielded a choice position, it was quickly occupied. A few, overcome by weariness, left before the conclusion of the services, but the larger part stayed until the end. We remained until the chimes rang in the holy Christmas Day and until "Gloria in Excelsis" welled up from hundreds of throats and burst from the great organ, and then returned to Jerusalem. We were the only travelers upon the way, save the omnipresent men upon their camels, going to and from the venerable Holy City. They were silent as ghosts, and in their monotonous swing seemed to be a part of the animals they rode, and the whole presented in the dim moonlight a weird aspect. We could fancy that the scene we looked upon was a familiar one upon that ancient highway upon the night of the anniversary of which we had come to celebrate, and for centuries prior thereto.

The Castle of David, near our hotel, seemed to stand sentinel, as it had been doing, in part at least, for more than nineteen hundred years. Our hotel was closed, the lights were out, but a stout blow upon the great door, given by our dragoman, brought to our assistance a drowsy watch, whose mind was evidently not filled with visions of the Yule-tide.

When morning came, Christmas greetings were exchanged among the guests of the hotel, after the Western fashion. Americans were especially hearty in remembering each other with some mark of courtesy which the day suggested. Late in the forenoon we attended divine services in an English church not far from the traditional scene of the Last Supper. We listened to an able discourse, which brought vividly to our minds the tremendous significance of Christmas. We were, indeed, upon holy ground. Less than six miles to the south was Bethlehem, and right at hand was the scene of the crucifixion, burial and resurrection of our Saviour; a little way off, against the side of a narrow valley, was the Garden of Gethsemane; a little farther up and beyond it was the Mount of Olives, and some thirty miles to the east lay the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The memory of a Christmas spent amid such environment is one which will abide.

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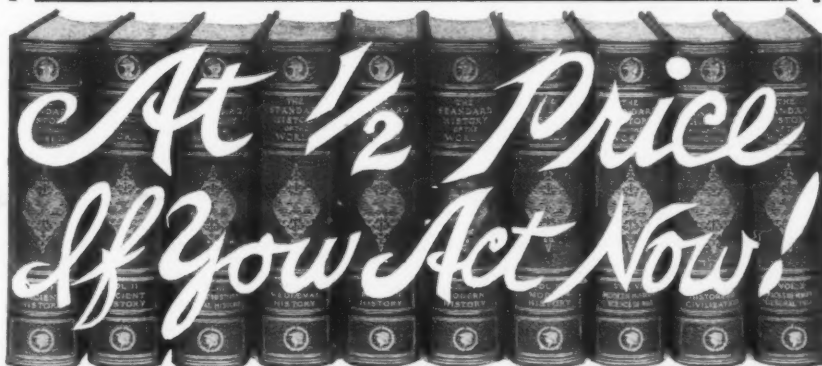
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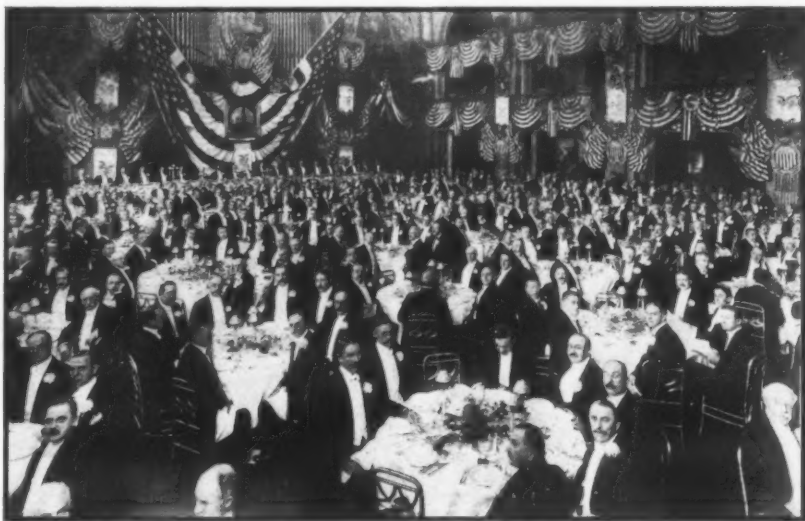
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Held recently in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. Many of the prominent men in America and six hundred of the foremost financiers in New York City sat down to the tables. A. Barton Hepburn, President of the Chase National Bank and President of the Chamber of Commerce, in his address spoke of needed reforms in public and private business.—Copyrighted by Drucker & Co.

## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telephone. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ISN'T this a good time to encourage the Christmas spirit toward all men? Isn't it a time to curb the common tendency of the American people to jump at conclusions and render a verdict without giving the accused a hearing, to denounce every corporation, good or bad, and every rich man, whether his money be honestly or dishonestly acquired? Isn't it a good time, in this Christmas season, to emphasize the fact that as the railroads and industrial corporations of the country prosper, so do the people prosper?

We recall what the railroads have done in the development of the West, the South and the Pacific coast. We remember how eagerly every community welcomed the arrival of a new railroad or the establishment of a new industry. Let us recall these memories, and let the corporations also bear in mind that they owe a duty to the public, and that duty is to give them the best that can be given. They owe a duty also to their stockholders. The latter should be treated as if they were partners. Let us all get into the spirit of Christmas, and in that spirit forget the acrimonies of the past, overlook the errors, mistakes or evils that we are endeavoring to rectify.

This is the spirit with which to open the Christmas season. If we carry it out during the coming year, if its influence be felt in our halls of legislation, if the demagogues slink to their corners and the muck-rakers disappear, we may look forward to a year of unexampled

prosperity during 1911. It is only in seasons of widespread and general prosperity that the greatest happiness comes to the greatest number. In seasons of adversity the well-to-do can weather the gale, but the toiling masses suffer the keen and biting edge of a panic or depression.

If the Christmas holiday season suggests the spending of money, it also suggests its accumulation. I note that, as the holiday season approaches, a good many ask advice as to opportunities for profitable speculation, and especially for a "quick turn." One correspondent writes me frankly, "I want to spend \$100 for Christmas gifts and I have not got it to spare. If I could venture on a profitable turn in the stock market on a slender margin with \$100 before Christmas, I need only be shown how and I will proceed to do it." Of course, if anybody could tell just how money could be so easily made, it would not be long before he would have everything in sight. There would be nothing left for anybody else.

The very word "speculation" implies risk, and most of my readers appreciate that fact. One, for instance, writes—and it is a woman this time—"I must speculate. My friends have made money by speculating and they have told me about it. One of them has just bought one hundred shares of a mining stock at thirty cents a share, which cost her only \$30. If the shares should go up to \$5 apiece, as she expects, she will have made \$470. Why should I not do this? I want to get into something, even if I have to take a risk of losing all." I am afraid my correspondent looks only on the possibilities of one side, overlooking entirely the probabilities of the other, for, in the phrase of the street, it is not "an even chance." Her friend may possibly make \$470, as she expects, but the chances are a thousand to one that she will lose the \$30 she has put in.

I am not in favor of taking any such risks in speculation as one chance of success out of a thousand to lose. There is

(Continued on page 31.)

## FINANCIAL

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## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 30.)

no need of such a risk. It means that if there are a thousand persons in a community, and every one puts up \$30 for a hundred shares of a stock, thus involving an investment of \$30,000, one, and only one, may possibly get a return of \$470. All the others lose. The truth is that not one out of a thousand speculations of this kind ever turns out profitably. The risks of speculating in securities on the Stock Exchange, and especially dividend-paying securities, are so much lessened that the chances to a patient holder of a stock are much greater in his favor.

So I write to others who want to make a "quick turn" for Christmas that they better husband their resources and put them not in highly speculative securities, but in investment stocks returning dividends. If they must speculate, let them buy shares of listed speculative securities that have at least possibilities of becoming something better with a general improvement of business. One subscriber feels quite insistent on investing \$500 in a thousand shares of a mining stock at fifty cents a share not because he knows anything about the mining proposition, but because one of its directors is a clergyman. This is well enough as far as it goes. It is probable that the clergyman is a man of good intentions, but within the past three months two notable bankruptcies have been recorded of speculative corporations in the management of which clergymen were prominently identified.

A clergyman, I am sorry to say, is generally a poor business man. That is one of the reasons why so many churches find it difficult to support their preachers. I would be a little shy of any great business establishment of which a minister was the head, not because I doubted his honesty or personal integrity, but because I know that every great, successful business must have for its head some one developed on business lines. He must not only be honest, faithful and truthful, but must have also that business sense, that peculiar instinct for trade and barter, for buying and selling at the right time, that has always created our princes of prosperity.

If I had a few hundred dollars and preferred to speculate rather than to invest them in a well-secured bond or stock, I would much rather put them into the stock of a good business proposition with possibilities of development than to put them in a mining or oil proposition concerning which I knew nothing excepting that some one of good character said he believed it offered a speculative opportunity. For every dollar made in a mining proposition it is safe to say that ten dollars are lost, and the same may be said of the oil and plantation companies which are flooding the country with their literature. On the other hand, shares representing established industries must have value, because they have tangible assets and a growing business behind them. It is true that they may fail, as any other business may, but here is the element of speculation. The chances of failure are far less, as statistics will show, than in a mining or an oil proposition.

I have frequently called attention to some of the cheap stocks having speculative value and representing established business interests. These may not always have proved to be money-makers, but they had a far greater probability of becoming such than the host of mining, oil and plantation propositions exploited in the columns of the Sunday newspapers. My Christmas advice to the readers, therefore, is not to be misled into making guesses as to the future of speculative propositions concerning which they have little information, but rather to follow the investment market and put their money into securities which have a standing that qualifies them for admission to transactions on exchanges of recognized standing.

Solol, Kansas City, Mo.: I advise you to write to the Secretary of State at Raleigh, N. C. I can get no information.

M. Bryn Mawr, Pa.: I doubt if either of the stocks you mention has much value. No one seems to know anything about them.

E. C. Columbus, O.: If I had a profit in Knickerbocker I would take it. If not, I would hold it for the present. Anonymous communications are not answered.

P. Bar Harbor, Me.: Unless you are well informed as to the character of the management and the prospects of the business, it would be advisable to proceed with caution.

(Continued on page 32.)

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## The Violin.

(Continued from page 27.)

He had not thought of these things before. But the presence of the man there in the snow—the man who had destroyed his world for him—helpless, dying, brought them to him now. Jealousy and hate were new to him. Until a few weeks ago he had never felt the evil gnawings of either, and they acted upon him now like strong wine taken by a man unaccustomed to wine. There was a curious heat in his brain, a tenseness in his muscles, a quick-breathing suspense as he fought with himself over Brant. The Englishman was past the stage of suffering. He was comfortable. He would die without pain, and in dying he would leave to him—Jean Pierrot—his big, happy forest world again. It was a terrible temptation, and Jean bent over him, almost hoping that he had ceased to breathe. The Englishman moved. Often Jean Pierrot had looked upon the dying movements of animals he had shot—the straining of a lynx to lift itself even as its eyes closed in death, the final convulsions of a wolf, the last quivering struggle of a caribou or a moose to hold back its ebbing life. These things always gave Jean a certain pain, for it was in the nature of things that, next to man, he should love the wild things which he slew. The Englishman's movement was like that of one of these animals. Subconsciously he was struggling for life. All else in him but that subconsciousness and its vital spark was dead, and not a moment too soon did Jean's head clear and its old saneness return to him. He lifted Brant's head again and pressed to his lips a small metal flask in which he always carried a little liquor. For a quarter of an hour he rubbed his face and hands, and rolled and scrubbed him in the snow until he was panting from his own exertions. When he was done, and sank back to rest and shelter himself from the storm, he had recalled Brant from the door of death.

He wrapped a blanket closely about the Englishman and tied it with straps from his pack-sack. Then from the pack he took a few articles of food and thrust them into his pockets. The Englishman weighed twenty pounds more than Jean, but Pierrot's muscles were like flexible steel, and he lifted him upon his shoulders and staggered off through the storm. Even steel will break, and Jean felt himself going long before the forest was reached. On the hard upper crust of the plains the fresh snow had winnowed itself knee deep and waist deep in places, and Jean was compelled to drop the Englishman and rest each time that he forced himself through one of these drifts. And each time that he resumed his fight to reach the forest, he found it more difficult to get Brant upon his shoulders. At last the time came when he failed.

He dropped beside Brant, panting and exhausted. He figured that the forest was still a mile away. Two hours more—perhaps an hour—and he would be shut out from it completely by the deepening dunes. Alone he could reach the forest in half an hour. The temptation to leave Brant returned upon him. He buried his face in the blanket, letting the wind whistle over his head, and thought of Meleese. If he went back to her, blinded, beaten by the storm, half dead, she would know that he had searched for the Englishman, and would love him for that. He saw her now in pictures that moved swiftly through his brain—waiting, white-faced and tortured, in the cabin, looking out through the storm, praying for the Englishman and for him, Jean Pierrot. A hundred pictures leaped through his brain. Now he was pursuing her over the summer ridges again, in their old game of Hunt the Bakneesh, in which his reward, if he won, was a kiss from the tempting lips she held to him; he saw her springing lightly from rock to rock ahead of him, her hair shining and dancing in a rippling glory of sunlight as she ran, laughing back at him, taunting him fondly when she reached the safety of a bakneesh bloom, until he, Jean Pierrot, was the happiest youth in all the world. He saw her sitting at his knees, looking up into his face as he played on the old violin, her hands touching him, her lips smiling to him, her eyes telling him how

(Continued on page 32.)

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# Your Daughter's Christmas



W HY not make it memorable by providing a Christmas present for her which will last her as long as she lives—something that will come around every Christmas time even though you may not

be here to have the pleasure of personally giving it to her? It will be your loving forethought which will provide the gift on Christmas days yet to come and you will have the satisfaction of knowing now that this will be one Christmas present that she will always be sure to receive. If, unfortunately, there should come for her Christmas celebrations without cheer—when everything may have gone wrong—when even bread and butter and roof may be in the balance—this Christmas gift of yours will step in and take the place of your parental care and affection—and see to it that she has the wherewithal to provide the three daily meals—and the roof—and the clothing—for her and hers. Rather attractive sort of present to give, isn't it? Better than some gift which brings only temporary pleasure and which has no permanent or enduring value. This Christmas gift that we are talking about—the Life Income policy of the Equitable Society—which provides a definite, fixed, yearly sum for that dear daughter—giving her the policy on this Christmas day and if you so elect, the income when it becomes due, can be made payable on every Christmas day thereafter so long as she lives—and to nobody else—Something that a husband of hers cannot squander or misinvest—something that puts her beyond reach of the scheming adventurer—something that makes absolutely certain the necessities of life if all her pleasures and comforts should go by the board—None too early to apply for it promptly when you see this, if you want to have the pleasure of giving it to her this Christmas. This sort of policy would be the best Christmas present you could give your wife, too—if you have not already made some adequate provision which will insure her absolutely an annual income for the rest of her life, if you should be taken away.

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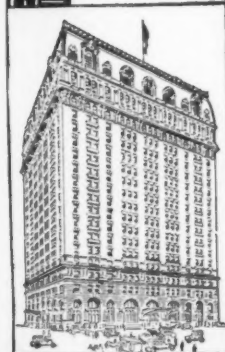
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Attend our stammering school till you hear from me. Write for large FREE book and special rate. Largest and best school in the world curing by natural method. Write for the book now. Lee Wells Willard, Free, 908 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY"

## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 31.)

F. J. G. Johnston, N. Y.: I am unable to get a report on Caledonia, but would be inclined to sell.

D. Shamokin, Pa.: 1. I do not advise you to put all your eggs in one basket. 2. A question was recently raised as to the propriety of continuing the dividends.

H. Cadillac, Mich.: No loans are made excepting on good security. Stocks are bought on a margin, but this involves the deposit of a certain amount of cash with the broker on the part of the operator.

R. L. F. Chicago, Ill.: Telepost is not an investment stock. I think better of Du Pont Powder in view of its dividends and the excellent report of its earnings.

T. Belleville, Ill.: 1. It is a profitable business at present, but subject to business risks. 2. It means that it can do so if it desires, and if it does, the shareholders will profit. 3. Yes, if earned.

J. Minneapolis, Minn.: I certainly do not advise you to purchase the stock of the Buick Oil Company as an investment. Leave all speculative stocks sold on the installment plan out of your investment list.

R. New York: At present there is no choice between the Toledo St. Louis and Western 4s and the Rock Island 4s selling at about the same price. They are fairly well secured, but are not in the investment class.

Reader, Harrisburg, Pa.: 1. The American Ice debenture 6s are a speculative security or they would not sell at such a figure. 2. I know of none that I could recommend. Anonymous communications are not answered.

P. West Concord, N. H.: If the stock you refer to is the Chicago New York Electric Air Line sold by the Burr Brothers, I do not regard it as worth mentioning, in view of disclosures made after the arrest of the Burr Brothers on complaint of the postal authorities.

O. Colorado Springs, Col.: 1. I cannot report on the financial standing of individuals or firms. 2. Any broker would give you a quotation or refer you to some one who could. J. F. Pierson, Jr. & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 74 Broadway, New York, are always glad to answer inquiries from any of my readers.

Six Per Cent., Boston, Mass.: 1. Bonds in denomination of \$100 are very common in other countries but not so common here. 2. S. W. Straus & Co., mortgage and bond bankers, 166 Straus Building, Chicago, Ill., offer 6 per cent. investments for \$100 and upward, and invite correspondence from any of my readers.

Investor, Atlanta, Ga.: As an investor you will be interested in the careful analysis and discussion of fundamental conditions affecting investments, embraced in the weekly financial letter of Josephthal, Louchheim & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 56 Broadway, New York. They issue it for their customers, but any of my readers can have a copy on application to that firm.

Small Investor, Atlanta, Ga.: 1. New York Transportation has a par value of \$20 and pays no dividends as yet, though it sells around 6. For present income U. S. Light & Heat pref. paying 7 per cent. and selling around 8 would be better. I certainly would advise it as preferable to American Telegraph Typewriter stock at \$7 a share. 2. Write to John Muir & Co., specialists in odd lots, for their daily market letter and for their circular "B" on odd lots, addressing them at 71 Broadway, New York. The firm is a member of the New York Stock Exchange.

(Continued on page 33.)

## The Violin.

(Continued from page 31.)

contented and happy she was. In these moments he forgot the Englishman. He saw Meleese again, in the cabin, white-faced, watching, listening. A stream of fire seemed to burst in his head and run through his body. He heard her speak, and she was crying out his name—the name of Jean Pierrot! He heard her pray to the great God, and she was praying for him! His body grew tense and he cried out her name, called to her as if she were near and could hear him. The sound of his own voice destroyed the vision. In place of her voice he felt again the pulse of life in Brant's body, close to his face. He lifted his head to the storm.

He could no longer raise the Englishman, but he pulled him through the snow, wrapped in the blanket, as he might have pulled a sledge. Panting, exhausted, unseeing, he struggled toward the forest. Ever ahead of him, though he did not open his eyes, the face of Meleese seemed urging him on. He felt the sweet warmth of her presence, heard her voice striving to rise above the beat of the storm, and he struggled on, until at last something black and silent rose about him and the tumult of the storm seemed far behind.

He had reached the forest. He laid Brant in the shelter of the spruce and for a moment stood over him, with his hands to his face, filled with an almost overmastering desire to fall down beside him and sleep. He fought against the desire and began gathering dry, dead twigs from the trees. The first sight of fire readjusted his dazed senses, and more and more briskly he gathered fuel, until the flames at Brant's feet crackled and threw out warmth and lighted the forest about them. He unwrapped Brant and leaned him with his back to a tree. Then he looked to see if anything had happened to his violin, which he had dragged with the Englishman over the snow.

The smarting pain was still in Jean's eyes, but he was beginning to see. He sat down close to the fire, with the violin across his knees, and looked at Brant. There was a deepening color in the Englishman's face. He was breathing deeply. Very soon he would open his

eyes and live and speak. There was no longer a vision of Meleese in Jean's brain; as his mind cleared, the memory of her voice was swept farther and farther from him. A grim reality oppressed him. He had found Brant, the Englishman, and had saved him. Voluntarily he had destroyed his own world. And yet, now that it was all over, he was not sorry. He shivered when he thought of the temptation to which he had almost yielded. Softly he breathed the name of Meleese as he watched life returning into Brant, and picked up his violin. The bridge was broken, two strings were snapped. He held it nearer the firelight to see if there was other injury, and suddenly he bent over to look into the F-hole. At first he thought that what he saw was snow; then he knew that it was paper. He drew it out, a doubled envelope with the company's seal, and a cry burst from his lips when he read on it, "To Jean, from Meleese."

The cry seemed to startle Brant into life. He moved; an awakening groan fell from his lips.

Jean broke the seal of the envelope. His fingers trembled as he drew out a page of paper and unfolded it. There glistened under his fingers a tress of brown hair, a red sprig of bakneesh. The paper was covered with writing, in French. He read, while across the fire the Englishman's opening eyes stared at him.

The day after to-morrow is Christmas. To-night I am putting my present for you in the old violin, and in the morning I am going to tell you to look into the F-hole, and to keep what you find. It is not much, but I hope that it will bring you joy, and make you like the old Jean of years and years ago. Forgive me, dear Jean. I never want to go to Churchill again, I never want to leave our old forests, and the things we have always loved. For a time, Jean, I feared that you were forgetting to love me; when I came back from Churchill I was sure of it. It hurt me terribly, and so I tried to make you think I didn't care. Only a few days ago did I begin to understand, and now I am so happy—so happy that I could not help from teasing you a little to-night by telling you that I am going to be married soon. I knew that you thought of Brant, and I was sorry after you were gone, and called you—but you didn't hear. Dear Jean, can't you guess WHO I am going to marry? If I thought you could I would never tell you, and so, Jean Pierrot, I've just got to THROW myself at you as a Christmas present. Dear old Jean, you've been so silly, and I've been so bad, and I love you so, SO much, and everyone has known it all the time but—YOU.

The Englishman stared harder at the strange figure beyond the fire. Jean Pierrot was kneeling in the snow, something clutched to his breast, his face lifted to the black tops of the spruce. That which he held was a bit of paper and the old violin, and his lips were moving in prayer.

## They Grow

GOOD HUMOR AND CHEERFULNESS FROM RIGHT FOOD AND DRINK.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes:

"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition.

"But I was young and did not want to die, so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me, and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair.

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum.

"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum and ate little food besides. I am to-day a healthy woman.

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two babies—one twenty, the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good health.

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life to-day."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Jasper's

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### Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 32.)

Banker, Jacksonville, Fla.: For a banker I know of no better market letter than that published by J. S. Bache & Co., prominent members New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, for their customers. A large number of bankers all over the country read it every week. You can have a copy without charge if you will write to Bache & Co. for it and mention Jasper.

Earnest, Denver, Col.: The highest grade of investment bonds and stocks only pay about 4 per cent., but good securities can be bought to yield considerably more. A guaranteed stock netting almost 6 per cent., that of the International Ocean Telegraph Co., is highly recommended by Effingham Lawrence & Co., bankers, 111 Broadway, New York, to their customers. Write to them for their "Circular A" which gives full particulars. This guarantee looks very good.

Starter, Seattle, Wash.: 1. You can get a special night letter service concerning conditions in Wall Street so that you can keep regularly posted. Such a service is given to their customers by Leavitt & Grant, members Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York, at 55 Broadway, New York. Write to them for their new pocket manual on Wall Street, which will give you information on how to open an account. No charge will be made for it to any of my readers.

M., St. Louis, Mo.: I do not advise the purchase of the stock of Colorado U. S. Refining Co. It is true that the refining business is profitable, but it is also true that the established companies have had to fight their way to success. Better buy the shares of some dividend-paying concern. The Texas Company, representing an opposition to the Standard Oil, is paying 10 per cent. and the stock selling around 140. Some bankers are advising its purchase. Standard Oil Company selling around 600 pays 40 per cent. per year and looks safer.

C., Chicago, Ill.: 1. I certainly would take my profit in Sears-Roebuck. It looks to me as if the recent stock dividend would increase the capital to an unwieldy extent. I am told that insiders have not been able to dispose of their holdings. This may account for the rapid rise which is believed to have manipulation behind it. I would not advise you to trade with a party who is not a member of any of the exchanges and has no well established standing. 2. It is a good motto to "know your broker as you do your bank." This is the motto of Norman W. Peters & Co., 74 Broadway, New York, members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York. Write to them for their free booklet on the "Cardinal Principles" of Wall Street.

Stung, New Orleans, La.: 1. It seems hardly credible that after the losses you have had in the mining and oil propositions you still feel like putting more money into the same sort of things. 2. Lots of low-priced stocks quoted on the stock exchanges are far better and I advise you to deal in them rather than in securities regarding which so little is known. 3. Houston Oil represents a very good property which has merit and value. The preferred is the better purchase, but the common selling around 8 has recently been showing strength. I do not object to the purchase of the stock of oil companies which have established their business footing. 4. Connor & Co., 31 Nassau Street, New York, are members New York Stock Exchange, who pay special attention to the investment of small sums in securities of reliable corporations.

(Continued on page 36.)

### The Christmas I Remember.

(Continued from page 17.)

thereafter. Then, on one pretext or another, he kept them all away from the stage while the men cleared away all the scenery and set up the tree and the flowers. Interwoven in the whole were hundreds of tiny electric lamps that gave a fairy-like appearance to the scene, while the presents for the people were all wrapped in trailing greens that had come hundreds of miles for the occasion.

Then all the lights, save one little one at the side, were put out and the company was summoned. My father scolded as though he were furious for a moment, then he suddenly switched on all the many little lamps and shouted, "There is your punishment!" It was so sudden a transition that for an instant none of the company quite understood. And

then what do you suppose those people did? They just dropped down in odd corners, men as well as women, and cried!

MAY BUCKLEY.

### A STAGE CHRISTMAS FOR STREET WAIFS.

CHRISTMAS meant to me hard work, matinee and night, for so many years that I am afraid some of its sentiment was lost. When, however, I became a star, one of the first stipulations I made in my contracts with my management was that I should not have to play Christmas matinees. I believe that the day should be given over to the children as much as possible, and there are children on the stage, too, who ought to have their share of the pleasures of the festival day.

My happiest Christmas, I believe, was passed in a Western city. I was quite blue when I left the hotel to go to the theater for the matinee performance, and I was thinking of what was going on in the old home in Brooklyn. As I was passing the front entrance of the theater, I saw a little boy and two little girls watching the people going into the theater, and there was such a wistful look upon their faces that I felt sure they wanted to go in, too, but couldn't.

I asked the boy, who was apparently eleven or twelve years old and the eldest of the trio, if they were going to the matinee. He said they would like to, but all the money they had was ten cents. A few more questions brought a tale of poverty that touched my heart, and I asked them to be my guests at the matinee.

There was nothing left but the gallery, and so I climbed up there with them and asked the usher to place them in the front row. He did so. I told them how I would be dressed, so that they would know me. They were my particular audience that afternoon. The other members of the company soon noticed that I was "playing to the gallery," and by the time the matinee was over they all knew about my guests.

At the end of the matinee I sent one of the stage hands out to get them and bring them back to the stage. But they were gone before he could reach them. I thought I would see no more of them. In a few minutes, however, they came to the stage door and called for me. I had them brought in, and the boy handed me an apple, which he had bought, along with three others, with his ten cents.

By this time the company were dressed, and they gathered around me, envying me my Christmas present. A minute later a huge basket was brought out of the wardrobe-room, and dolls, flowers and every sort of thing the people of the company could lay their hands on were piled in till it could hold no more. Then basket and children were put into a cab, the driver was given their home address and the children were driven away to a chorus of "Merry Christmas!" from the entire company.

MARIE CAHILL.



## The Howard Watch

Mother and the girls ought to know that a HOWARD Watch means more to a man than any other Christmas gift they could choose for him.

Every man knows the HOWARD Watch—its history and traditions—the names of the leading Americans who have carried the HOWARD and made it their own.

He is pleased with their recognition of him as the kind of man

who ought to own a HOWARD—the finest practical timepiece in the world.

The HOWARD Watch is a source of pride to any man among his friends—not alone in its accuracy and reliability, but because of its distinctive position among timepieces.

It is the last word in a fine watch, and no other gift, however high in cost, could more surely reflect the idea of quality.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel (double roller) in a Boss or Crescent gold-filled case at \$40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid-gold case at \$150—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. U, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

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## Two Christmas Eves.

(Continued from page 12.)

There were steps outside, and still she read the meaningless words over and over and over again. Her lips were quite white and stiff. She wondered how she should speak and what she should say. She wondered if he would kiss her, and how she should bear it if he did, and John there to watch. Oh, had she ever been very, very wicked to be punished in such a dreadful way as this!

The steps were at the door. Her pulses beat time to them. She thought they would never stop treading, treading on her heart. Then the handle of the door turned, and she put her hand quickly to her lips, with a little gasp—a breath of sheer panic terror. The door opened so slowly that she thought it would never stop, and two men came in and stopped just inside the door. One was the gray-haired doctor of the asylum, and the other, who hung limping on his arm—the other, white-faced, furtive-eyed—

"Oh!" said Lucy Ames, on a long, shaking breath. "Oh!" And she began to tremble and to catch her breath and laugh.

"Now, Mrs. Ames!" said the doctor sternly. And the white-faced man let go of his companion's arm and put out his hand.

"Lucy!" he said, in a queer, weak voice. "Lucy—my wife—"

But Lucy was clinging to John Alden and fighting for breath and words.

"Oh, I'm not—he's not—" she gasped. And John Alden's hand closed on her wrist like a vice.

"Be quiet!" he said roughly. "Lucy, stop—stop, I say! Pull yourself together! No! you can if you try—no—stop at once—at once!"

She obeyed, panting.

"Now, what do you mean? Isn't this your husband?"

And Lucy answered, "Oh, no, no, no! Oh, what does it mean? It's Gerald—it's my husband's brother Gerald—"

The doctor started and looked from the trembling lady to his cringing patient.

"What's this?" he said, in a sharp voice. And John Alden asked, "You're sure, Lucy? You are quite sure?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Oh, John—" "Hush, Lucy! Dr. Clarke, there's a mistake somewhere. You've two brothers here. Mrs. Ames says this is the wrong one. Where's the other?"

"Dr. Clarke coughed. "Dead," he said shortly. "Died eighteen months ago."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy; "but it was Gerald who died—you said it was Gerald!"

The white-faced man looked over his shoulder at the doctor and edged toward Lucy.

"It's all right," he said, in a low voice. "It's all right, I tell you, Lucy. We changed names and all, and he threw you in. He'd got tired of you, and I wanted you, and you're my wife now. Tell her it's all right, doctor. Tell her she's my wife, my wife Lucy that I'm going home to spend Christmas with. Come and give me a kiss, Lucy. Isn't it funny, doctor? She's my wife, and I've never even kissed her yet. I think she might give me a kiss, and Christmas Eve and all."

"Well, you must come and pack first," said Dr. Clarke abruptly; and as the two went out he beckoned John to follow.

Lucy was left alone. She sat down on a chair and tried to think, but felt too dazed. Suddenly she began to cry, and was somehow glad that she could cry for her husband, who had been dead for nearly two years, and dead to her for five.

When she had cried her fill she looked up, and there was the Christmas motto on the wall before her—"Peace and Good-will." Peace for the dead, and good-will—yes, good-will to every one. It seemed to mean something to her now.

She looked at the words with swimming eyes, and then John Alden came in and took her in his arms. They did not speak—they did not kiss. They just stood there together and knew their path in life was one henceforward.

"Peace and good-will," he said very low, and his voice shook. "Peace and good-will, and God bless the New Year!"

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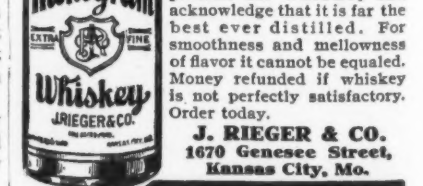
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## Angels of Sorts.

(Continued from page 12.)

"The difficulty," I pointed out, "is that they'll probably send them straight back, unless the boys get them in their hands before they know; and if we put them in the boys' hands, we can't escape conviction. They'll drop on us and probably feel desperately insulted and leave here. You see, they can't help taking some notice of the matter if the toys are openly given by us."

"No," said Playfair. "No. If we could get them into the boys' hands anonymously, so to speak— They might suspect us, and they might even leave here; but they wouldn't have to recognize that we did it."

We stared at the dome of the study for a time, and suddenly I laughed and pointed to it.

"Let's get out on the roof," I suggested, "and put them down the chimney!"

"Dick," said Playfair, "you're supposed to be a genius, but I always felt that you were an impostor. Now I know! How the deuce are we going to tell which is their chimney, and how are you going to get a fort down it? You old-idiot!"

"In half a minute," I declared, "you will apologize. The chimney is next to mine. I shall burn paper in mine, and you will go on the roof and see which pot the smoke comes out of. The fort must be one which takes to pieces and can be done up in convenient parcels. We shall let them down with a double string and pull it out by one end afterward."

"I apologize," he said promptly. "But suppose the stove is shut?"

"We'll advise the boys to leave it open," I said, "and to look there on Christmas morning. Any more criticism?"

"Only that you have mistaken your avocation," he said. "You ought to have been an inventor. You would have made millions."

The next day was Christmas Eve. We spent a pleasant hour at the stores, buying a fort which could be taken to pieces and packed in small parcels, soldiers, stone bricks (also in small boxes), a diminutive concertina and a variety of guns. We added a toy lift and a clock-work figure that danced.

We saw the boys in the afternoon and advised them about Santa Claus.

"I suppose," I said, "you opened the thing on top of the fire before you called up."

"Rather!" said Tommy.

"Mind it's open to-night, so that he can put the things down it," I advised.

"Do you think he'll come down there?" Tommy wanted to know.

"Sure to!" I declared.

"Always does," Playfair corroborated.

"If the things aren't under your stockings—"

"Socks," Bob corrected.

"You look in the morning to see if anything has stuck in the flue."

"Yes!" cried both boys at once.

We feasted them and sent them off. Then we went out to dinner. When we returned we found four Christmas cards on our mat, one from each boy to each of us. They were cheap little things, but we gave them a place of honor on our mantelshelf.

"They make rather a difficulty," Playfair said. "If we don't send the demon-angels cards, they'll be hurt. If we do, the dragon-angels will suspect us of the other thing."

"My dear chap," I retorted, "they'll suspect us, anyhow! I dare say they'll call and pitch into us. I vote we go out early in the morning and don't come back. Then they can't return the things." (We were going out to dinner, anyhow.) "We must send cards."

We sent them. After this we played billiards till late. When we returned home we sat talking till two, to give the "angels"—both sorts—time to go to sleep. At two in the morning we got up to the dome of the studio with a pair of steps, and out on the roof. We identified my chimney by the smoke test, and made a number of perilous journeys, on our hands and knees, and lowered our parcels down its neighbor. It was a very dark night, luckily, and nobody observed us on the roof; or, if they did, we never heard of it. We required much washing and brushing before we went to bed. We laughed a good deal.

"But it won't be a laughing matter if we have to face the dragon-angels," I said. "What a pretty creature the dark one is!"

"Yes," Playfair agreed; "but the fair one is prettier. Reminds me of a lady swan. I'm always trying to paint her."

I dug him in the ribs. "I know!" I said. "I recognized 'The Enchantress.' If you want to appreciate my tact, remember that I never said a word about your doing the face without a model."

He grinned.

"I made no comment upon a story entitled 'The Distant Lady,'" he reminded me.

"The distance will have increased by to-morrow," I remarked. "Well, we aren't boys to lose our hearts to every pretty girl we meet on the stairs. Have a peg before you turn in, old man. Here's to the angels—both lots. God bless 'em!"

"God bless 'em!" he agreed.

We heard distant sounds of angels early the next morning. The playing of a concertina in the room next to mine woke me. I went into Playfair's room to tell him.

"They've got the toys!" I said; and he came back with me to hear the terrible sounds. Tommy had not the remotest notion of the way to play a concertina.

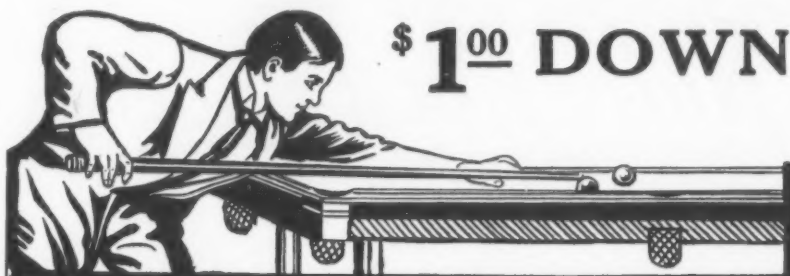
"I wonder what their sisters think!" he chuckled. "When they hear that concertina—I can fancy them bouncing in!"

"They can't send it back now," I stated. "The boys would mutiny."

They didn't send back the concertina or any of the things, but we found on the door mat, among a heap of Christmas cards, an unaddressed envelope. There was no letter in it; nothing but two golden coins. I shrugged my shoulders. Playfair pushed his breakfast aside and stared at it.

"I wonder," he said at last, "what they will have to go without." He touched the two coins that lay upon the table. "You see, I think, if they could have spared the money without great privation, they'd have bought the things the boys wanted. God knows what those girls may suffer for these." He touched the coins again almost reverently.

(Continued on page 36.)



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### Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 33.)

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(Continued on following page.)

### Angels of Sorts.

(Continued from page 35.)

I nodded and said nothing.  
"We can't let them," he went on.  
"I'll go alone, if you like; but you're a writer, and you've the gift of the gab." He looked at me.

"Come on," I said. "I don't know that we'll do any good, but we're bound to try."

"We'd better think it out carefully," he suggested; "what we'll say."

"No," I contradicted. "No thinking. Truth, hot from the press, is the only thing that can do any good, Charlie. Come on, old chap."

We went. Tommy rushed to greet us, and Bob followed him. They held on to us and flourished their toys, and both talked at once. Tommy had rammed his concertina into my hands and was beseeching me to show him how to play it, when his elder sister appeared—the tall, pale, stately "swan lady," as Playfair called her. Her face was grave and imperturbable. She bowed when I asked for a moment's conversation. The pretty, dark sister stood back behind her. She was grave—but not imperturbable. Her big, black eyes were a trifle moist, in fact. I think she felt that we meant well. They led the way into their sitting-room—which contrasted painfully with our luxurious apartments—and we followed them. We stood and looked at one another.

"I want to suggest," I said, "that children aren't like grown-ups. They have a sort of claim on the universe; and people who like them—we are fond of your little chaps—can do trifling

things for them without any question of—of imposing an obligation. If you could take that view, you would relieve Mr. Playfair and myself of—a very distressed feeling."

"An extremely distressing feeling," Playfair added.

"We did not create the distressing situation," the queenly Margaret stated. "We appreciate your intentions, but charity from strangers is charity from strangers. It was humiliating to us." Her sister touched her arm gently and looked a plea for us. "That is what I feel," Margaret insisted. "You can speak for yourself, Lucy, of course. I understood that you felt as I do."

"I feel the humiliation," dear, dark little Lucy said; "but I feel the kindness, too. Be so very kind as to let us pay for the presents. It is for us to do what is proper for the boys, and— You see, we shall be more comfortable that way. We"—her voice shook—"we are proud because—because we are poor."

"Since you force us to confess it," said Margaret, in a freezing voice that suddenly melted. "I beg your pardon for saying that. You did not wish to make us say it, I am sure. You knew it, and that was why you— Please keep the envelope. We can't take it."

"My dear lady," I remonstrated, "I understand your feeling, because, when we came here, we were poor, desperately poor, sometimes hungry. It hurts my pride to say that. You see, if you make us take it back, we shall feel that we have forced a burden on you by our—our liking for your little chaps. It was a foolish way to do it, but after we'd heard them talk about—well, you know pretty well what they'd say—we had to do it, just to please ourselves. It is you who will confer the favor. We had no other thought, no idea of forcing our acquaintance upon you. If you like, we'll leave here, though we love the old place; or, if we stay, you needn't notice us when we pass on the stairs. You'll give us a very unhappy Christmas if we feel that we have forced you to spend what you did not feel able to afford. Do you think we don't know that you'd have bought the things if you could have spared the money without actual privation? Accept our apologies, and— and believe that we are gentlemen, and that—that the desire to make your acquaintance, which we frankly admit—"

"Yes," said Playfair.

"Shall not molest you."  
Margaret hesitated, but Lucy looked me frankly in the face and held out her hand. I took it.

"Is that the end or the beginning of our acquaintance?" I asked; and she laughed suddenly.

"It is so funny!" she cried evasively. "The boys haven't a chimney. You put the toys down ours, and they bumped and bumped, and we thought it was burglars!"

In the roar of laughter which followed, many things happened. I whispered "beginning," and Lucy said "yes." Playfair and Margaret shook hands. Then I shook hands with her, and he shook hands with Lucy.

"We thought how delighted our scamps would be," Margaret said, "and we just couldn't send the toys back. Of course, now we know you, there's no need to, if—I will learn generosity from you—as you wish to give them. Thank you."

"No need at all," said Playfair and I, at once. "This is very jolly! A Merry Christmas!"

We all wished each other a merry Christmas.

"Let's make it merry," I proposed. "We'll have a dinner party to-night. You really must come, to clear your character for sternness. Do you know we called you the dragon-angels?"

"And the boys the demon-angels?" Playfair added.

We all laughed again. Laughter seemed to cement our acquaintance.

"I am afraid," said Lucy, "men are rather like boys, except the angel part!" I wanted to say that men get that by marriage, but I am discreet. So I merely assured her that we were "angels of sorts"—"the husband sort," I told her, a week later, and she accepted the definition. Margaret accepted Playfair in the same capacity. That was nearly two years ago, but we try to live up to the name. A little angel-gel has come to Playfair and Margaret, and another—the most angelic baby that ever was—to Lucy and me. The demon-angel-uncles are very proud of them.



## SOUPS

### Stews and Hashes

A keen relish of these  
every-day dishes can be  
had by adding

## LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a superior flavoring for  
Fish, Meats, Game, Salads,  
Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh  
Rarebits, etc.

See that Lea & Perrins' Signature  
is on the Label and Wrapper.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

### LEARN AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS



Young men of good character may become expert auto salesmen, chauffeurs or mechanics within 12 weeks. We teach you by mail. Demand for capable young men far exceeds the supply. Part tuition payable after we assist you to a position. We employ you while studying. Write for descriptive plan M.

The Automobile College of Washington, Inc., Washington, D. C.  
References: Fourteenth St. Savings Bk., Washington, D. C.



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for 10c in stamps or coin.

Illustrated with 20 full-page half-tone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develop beauty, and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms and hands without any apparatus.

**PROF. ANTHONY BARKER**  
1205 Barker Bldg., 110 West 42d St., New York

### Would You Like to DISCARD YOUR GLASSES?

JUST TRY

The Ideal Sight Restorer

for 10 days at our expense

Minor eye weaknesses are caused by poor circulation of blood. Near sight, far sight and astigmatism are caused by their becoming distorted (lost of shape). By a gentle massage The Ideal Sight Restorer produces a normal circulation of blood and moulds the eye painlessly but surely to its normal shape. Thousands have used it with perfect success and without danger, as it does not come in direct contact with the eyes. Five minutes manipulation twice a day is all that is necessary. If you wish to relieve eye strain and headaches, and in a short time be entirely independent of your glasses, write for instructive booklet No. 126 M, records and ten days test to

**THE IDEAL CO., 134 W. 65th St., N. Y.**

### ONE LIVE MAN OR WOMAN IN EVERY TOWN

to represent the largest factory in America selling on credit at wholesale prices direct to the consumer. No money required. Send your name and address, we will send you full particulars of how to begin work. Experience unnecessary. Start earning money at once. Address R. C. Reed, Manager, 11 S. 7th St., Philadelphia.

## STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY

### 8 YEARS OLD

BOTTLED IN BOND  
FOUR \$3.95  
FULL EXPR  
QTS. PREPAID

Most distillers bottle in bond at 4 years. We bottle in bond at 8 years. Don't take our word; look at the Government's Stamp. Send trial order, compare with any other whiskey; if not more than pleased with "Old Ben-Vogt" send it back at our expense and money will be refunded.

**VOGT-APPLEGATE CO., INC.**  
101 E. Main St., Louisville, Ky.

401 Broadway  
Kansas City, Mo.

Jasper

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### Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from preceding page.)

S., Harrisburg, Pa.: I advise against its purchase. C., Davenport, Iowa: The parties are not known at the New York number you gave.

M., Olean, N. Y.: I never heard of the Double Eagle and can get no report.

J., Bangor, Me.: I can get no trace of any of the mining companies to which you refer.

K., Savannah, Ga.: I can get no quotations on the oil stock to which you refer. Nothing is known of it on our exchanges.

C., Jacksonville, Fla.: The proposition does not come within the realm of Wall Street. Local capital ought to be available in such a case.

C., Kansas City, Mo.: I am endeavoring to obtain information. Usually such propositions are not of the investment class. I would not buy property anywhere unless I knew everything about it. I am afraid your investments could not be realized on very readily if you needed money.

C., Las Cruces, N. M.: The concern has no connection with Wall Street securities and I have no means of ascertaining its standing. A mercantile agency report, which might be had through one of your banks, would probably serve your purpose.

D., Jefferson City, Tenn.: 1. After the decided advance of C. and O. during the past few years it does not look like an attractive speculation. 2. If you ordered the purchase of a stock selling at 100 and a dividend of 2 per cent. was about to be paid the broker would fill your order at 98. 3. That is entirely a matter of judgement.

Safety, St. Paul, Minn.: A bond house that has had a long and successful career dealing with conservative investments is N. W. Halsey & Co., 49 Wall Street, New York. This house is now offering a 6 per cent. public utility investment bond around par. Drop a postal to Halsey & Co. for "Descriptive Circular L-54."

C., Brownville, Me.: 1. At the time the property was exploited there was such a demand for copper at high prices that every copper mine, developed or undeveloped, was being eagerly sought and many reached fictitious values. I am informed that the property you refer to is awaiting a better copper market before the work of development is continued. In the light of present conditions I regard it as very highly speculative. I believe its promoters claimed too much for it. 2. I would not sacrifice Greene Can. at a loss.

O., Hudson, N. Y.: 1. St. Paul preferred is the safer, but the returns are smaller. 2. You are right in giving preference to the preferred rather than the common stocks, because the preferred have preference over the common, both in earnings and usually in assets. Some investment preferred stocks yield over 6 per cent. 3. A pamphlet giving details regarding industrial preferred shares has been prepared by George H. Burr & Co., bankers, 41 Wall Street, New York. Write to them for their pamphlet No. 114. Of course, this company has no connection at all with the Burr Brothers who have been accused by the postal authorities of using the mails for improper purposes. The latter is an entirely different family.

Better Income, Nashville, Tenn.: 1. The reason that a savings bank pays so much more interest than investment bonds and stocks is because the former must make a profit on the money it uses to buy securities. If you bought these securities you would realize a better rate of interest and be just as safe. 2. Eastern mortgages of the first grade yield from 4 1/2 per cent. to 5 1/2 per cent. In the West and Southwest and on the Pacific coast, where money is in greater demand, from 6 per cent. to 8 per cent. is paid. 3. The best way is to write to those who offer attractive investments and ask them for particulars and for their bank references. Banks are usually careful in giving references. It is worth while for an investor who wants to secure a high rate of interest to make inquiries as widely as possible. It would only cost a cent to send a postal card, and it is always easy to write for particulars. You place yourself under no obligations when you do so. I know one investor, employed as a laborer on a farm, who came into possession of several thousand dollars by the death of a distant relative. Instead of putting his money into wildcat mining, oil and plantation companies, he wrote to brokers who were offering securities asking for their references and quietly made his own investigations. He has always had good interest on his money and has never lost a dollar. It pays to be careful, thorough and patient in making investments. Every advertiser in a well regulated publication is always willing to give references and answer inquiries pertinent to his business. When an advertiser refuses to do this it is safe to leave him alone.

NEW YORK, December 1, 1910.

JASPER.

### Request for Bids.

The Board of County Commissioners of Nassau County, Florida, solicit bids for an issue of FORTY-NINE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$49,300) Road Fund Certificates (being a part of an issue of \$60,000), bearing Six per cent. interest, payable semi-annually. Each Certificate being of the denomination of \$100. To be issued in Eleven Series. First Series payable Four years from date, each succeeding series payable one series each year after maturity of First Series. Issued under authority of a Special Act of Legislature, for purpose of construction of hard surface roads. BIDS TO BE SUBMITTED ON OR BEFORE DECEMBER 14TH, 1910. The said board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

W. Theo Waas,  
Chairman Board County Commissioners,  
Nassau County, Florida.

Address:  
Fernandina, Florida.



### I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars FREE. Write today.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.

21 Marden Building  
Washington, D. C.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

### A New Convert to Protection.

WHILE our tariff reformers are renewing their fight against protection, it is well to note how the tide is running elsewhere. Germany and France are committed to the policy of protection, in England a distinct reaction against free trade is observable, and in little Holland the conclusion has been reached that the only way to develop her industries is through a policy of protection. The present Dutch tariff, a mixture of a fiscal duty of five per cent. *ad valorem* and free imports, besides affording no protection for home industries, has long proved insufficient for growing revenue requirements, for workmen's pensions and the like, and this year's large budget deficit has convinced the nation that something needs to be done.

The proposed protective tariff for Holland provides an *ad valorem* duty ranging from three to twelve per cent., according to the need of the article and the amount of labor that has been or is still to be expended on it. As the object is to build up the manufacturing industry of Holland, raw materials for use in industries are to come in free. For the same reason, machinery destined for the production of machinery in Holland will also come in free of duty for the present, while machinery now made in Holland will be heavily protected. Vegetables and their food products, meat and the necessities of life are to be free of duty, but where they touch the border line of luxury the duty begins.

Our balance of trade with Holland amounted last year to \$69,000,000, but as our exports consist largely of agricultural and meat products, which remain free, we shall not be so much affected by the proposed change as some other nations. Holland realizes that her hope lies in manufacturing. To do this she must stop the dumping of foreign goods within her borders, and she has been converted to a policy of protection as the only means to bring this about.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

## Factory **SECTIONAL DIRECT** To You

Low priced Mission Furniture is not "cheap" Furniture, if you buy it right. Here's an example of LESS THAN WHOLESALE prices—less because we sell for cash only, cutting out bad debt losses, exorbitant installment charges and bookkeeping costs. LESS because we save you ALL the dealer's profits and expenses, store rents, salesmen's wages. LESS again because we sell only from our factory "DIRECT" to YOU, STILL LESS because we ship in SECTIONS, cutting freight charges in half and saving expensive packing.

This \$25 Solid Oak Mission Library Suite **\$11.75**  
Completely Finished in Golden or Weathered

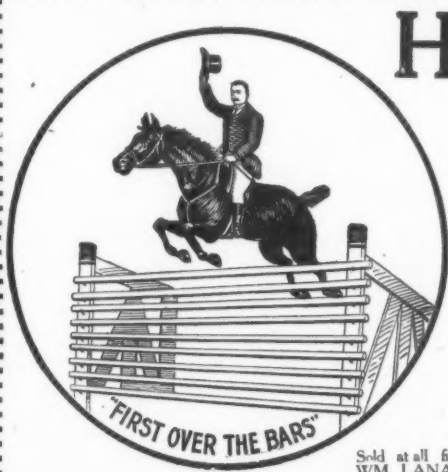
Three splendid chairs, correctly designed, special "DIRECT LEATHER" seats, and a handy substantial desk shipped in sections, all in one box, ready to set up in a few minutes, on UNLIMITED APPROVAL \$11.75.

Your money back any time you are not perfectly satisfied that you have a good \$25 worth. Order from this adv. to-day for prompt Holiday shipment.

Folder of a score of other astonishing values sent with every order or mailed free. All our cuts are made from actual photographs without retouching. Write for it anyhow.



The **SECTIONAL DIRECT** Furniture Co., 1205 Oak St., Ann Arbor, Mich.



## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

IS OF  
MELLOW TONE AND  
PERFECT QUALITY.  
ITS UNIQUE AND  
UNIFORM CHARACTER  
DISTANCES ALL COMPETITION

GUARANTEED UNDER  
THE PURE FOOD LAW

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers,  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

## PRESENTS



THE  
**Pennsylvania  
Station**  
7th Ave. and 32d St.

IN THE HEART  
OF  
NEW YORK CITY



## Christmas Cheer

and all its accompaniments are promoted by

# Evans' Ale

The King of Christmas beverages and standard of hearty hospitality. A barrel containing 10 doz. bottles will make a gratifying and substantial

## HOLIDAY GIFT

for family, friend or self.  
Order from your nearest Dealer or  
C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.



## FRENCH—GERMAN SPANISH—ITALIAN

Is Easily and Quickly Mastered by the

### LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

Combined with the

### Rosenthal Method of Practical Linguistics

This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. You hear the living voice of a native Professor pronounce each word and phrase. He speaks as you desire—slowly or quickly, night or day, for minutes or hours at a time. It is a pleasant, fascinating study; no tedious rules or memorizing. You simply practice during spare moments or at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read, and write a new language.

Send for Interesting Booklet and Testimonials.

**THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD**  
845 Metropolitan Building, Broadway and 16th St., New York

### A LARGER INCOME IN 1911

Coin operated Weighing Scales offer one of the most attractive investment opportunities obtainable to business men who desire large, quick and sure returns. The immense revenues of two great corporations are derived solely from their earnings. One hundred scales in good locations will yield you an assured income of from \$3000 to \$4000 per year without interference with your present business or employment. Their profits are continuous. Dividends are payable in cash. Whenever you wish, Capital invested is under your own control and safe. Investigate this thoroughly. Our Free booklet "Facts" explains our proposition. Write for it TODAY. Address:

**Dept. D, MILLS NOVELTY CO.**  
Mills Building, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

### WILL YOU TRY A Typewriter FREE

No Deposit—No Obligation

You save one-half the regular price on standard visible typewriters and get the identical article for which others pay the full price. Perfect machines only—not shop-worn, damaged—or in any way inferior. Protected by standard guarantee.

**Easy to Own—A Little Each Month**  
No Interest

Showed buyers will send for the particulars of this great price-reducing and free-trial typewriter offer.

**TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE**  
857 Masonic Temple, Chicago

### DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW

Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6 cents in stamps, for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

**The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning**  
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### WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying.

These Gems are chemical white sapphires. Can't be told from diamonds except by an expert. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they can't be filed and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 50 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud on approval—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write for Free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

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### TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

Visible Writers or otherwise  
Olivers, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc.  
Shipped anywhere for Free Trial, or rented, allowing rent to apply.

**PRICES \$15.00 UP**

First-class Machines, fresh from manufacturers. Get Catalog, 76. Your opportunity.

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### HAIR COMBINGS ARE VALUABLE

We will make them into a beautiful Switch, Cluster Puffs or Coronet Braid. Send your combings. Enclose \$1.50 in separate letter, mark name plainly on letter and combings; state style desired. We make this our specialty and guarantee high-grade work. Catalog of Hair Goods free on request.

**CONNEY BROS.,**  
1849 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

### HOTEL OXFORD

Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Nearest hotel to Back Bay Stations of the B. & A. R. R. and N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. No carriage required. Near Public Library, Trinity Church, New Opera House, Christian Science Church. 10 minutes to all theatres. GEORGE E. STARR, Mgr.

### No Such Thing as "Catching Cold."

TO BE even reasonably accurate, we must give up the expression, "catching cold." In this season, when it seems to be the fashionable thing to catch cold, it is well to be told by competent authority how "meaningless, misleading, undignified and obsolete" the phrase is. This is the position of Dr. William Brady, in the *Medical Record*, and he reaches the further conclusion that "the groundless fear of cold, fostered by the abuse of this misleading phrase, constitutes a form of hysteria that opposes and embarrasses earnest therapeutic measures." The old idea, still having partial sway, held that there is something about cold air that gives one cold, while the way to keep from taking cold is to stay in warm rooms and to keep away from drafts of cold air. Yet nowhere is one so apt to take cold as in a close, warm room, and the best medical authorities, moreover, no longer claim that cold causes disease other than frostbite.

Colds were never more prevalent, but they cannot, in the old-fashioned way, be attributed to too much cold air, but rather to too little, to excessive heat and defective ventilation of civilized buildings, to unhygienic clothing and errors in diet. In the matter of heating our houses to summer temperature we have made great strides, but the science of ventilation has not made corresponding progress. Overheated and ill-ventilated trains, hotels, public buildings, school-houses and homes are responsible for most respiratory diseases. It is commonly said we should secure good ventilation, but avoid drafts. Dr. Brady says, more correctly, "Be sure to have a good draft. A draft becomes harmful only when it carries dust and bacteria to the patient's nostrils. A current of clear, moist, cold air cannot injure the body, though it may at times be uncomfortable." The open-air treatment for tuberculosis has long since vindicated itself, but all do not yet seem to realize that, if outdoor air is absolutely essential to the cure of respiratory diseases, it must be equally efficacious in preventing such troubles.

The latest development is the open-air schoolroom. First, this was tried for children predisposed to respiratory trouble, but now it is being used for children fairly normal as to health. In the *Ladies' Home Journal* of October 1st, William E. Watt writes interestingly of his experiment with the open-air rooms in the Graham Public School of Chicago. "After eight weeks of life in the fresh-air rooms," says Mr. Watt, "our physician inspected the pupils for catarrh in the head. Among ninety pupils he found two who had nasal discharge. In the next two rooms he found forty with nasal catarrh." A little inquiry developed the fact that the two culprits in the fresh-air rooms had been absent, and, after being coddled at home, came back ready to infect all the other children if their cold-air life had not given them more than sufficient vitality to resist the infection. If we would guard against "catching cold," the one thing we should cultivate is fresh, open air, day and night, the more the better. The things we must guard against are overeating, unhygienic clothing, overheated and defectively ventilated apartments.

### The Humble Tin Can.

THE HUMBLE tin can, a package air-tight, unbreakable, non-refillable, which, having brought you its contests in perfect condition, is itself cast aside—this humble tin can is one of the wonders of modern times. The *Trade*, of Baltimore, sings the praises of this simple but perfect vehicle of preservation. "As it leaves us, so it reaches you," is the refrain of its song. "What magic spell, forsooth," asks the *Trade*, "has been cast over Mother Earth that we may have her most choice products at all seasons of the year, in any and all climates and from all parts of the world, by simply ordering them of the grocer? The answer is—the humble tin can." Perfectly preserving, amid all climatic changes, meats and fruits and vegetables gathered from every clime, the tin can enters into the well-being of men everywhere, and even played an important role in making possible Peary's successful expedition to the North Pole. The triumph of the tin can rests upon the fact that as it leaves the factory so it reaches the consumer. There can be no change or manipulation of its contents by any third party when once it has left the cannery until opened for use, perhaps years later and thousands of miles away. If only sound, wholesome materials are put up in a careful, sanitary manner, then without fear of contradiction may be printed upon every label the motto, "As it leaves us, so it reaches you." And what is the dark alchemy of the process, what are the secret fluids used, known only to large and successful canners? Many will be surprised to learn that secret process there is none, for none is necessary. The single force used in sterilizing canned goods is a force all have the use of—heat. Unadulterated, preserving, germ-destroying heat is the only agency necessary or ever used in sterilizing sealed any pure-food product in its tin package, apply heat, and it is ready to go anywhere for any length of time; and whenever it is opened, the contents will be found to have retained all the natural flavor and goodness they had when first put into the humble can and started on a journey around the world.

### Tricks of the Art Dealer.

BY MEANS of undervaluations and similar methods, fashionable dressmakers, art dealers and other importing firms have had a great advantage over their honest competitors. Acting on evidence obtained by Collector Loeb, of New York, custom officials and agents of the Department of Justice raided the Fifth Avenue art store of the largest art importers of the country. Investigation has brought to light startling revelations of the practices resorted to by some importers of art objects and antiques. One of the tricks has been to take apart valuable articles on the other side, get them through separately at a ridiculously low figure and then put them together again. Thus furniture from the old castles of Europe would have brass removed from it, the furniture coming in as damaged at a low valuation, and the brass trimmings as ordinary brass. When safely entered, the piece, having been put into its original shape, would assume a value twenty to thirty times as great as that at which it was entered for duty.

A trick of unscrupulous art dealers is to place a highly exaggerated value on their consular invoices and entries in the case of objects not subject to duty. The invoice is handed in to the appraisers, where it is stamped with the government seal, though there is no duty to pay. The government seal is then exhibited to prospective purchasers as a guarantee of the value of the goods, and customers are thus induced to pay fifteen to twenty-five times as much as the goods are actually worth. But it is through undervaluations that the government has been cheated out of its due. At the Treasury Department at Washington it has become a common saying that the government loses as much in one year through undervaluation as it does in ten through smuggling or other evasions. Secretary MacVeagh has recently enlisted the service of the Tariff Board and through its experience and knowledge hopes to arrive at a truer valuation and thus add materially to the government's revenues. The dishonest dealer or individual is the only one who will be hurt by the rigid enforcement of the law now prevailing at our ports of entry.

Every one who believes in commercial honesty and in the protection of the honest importer rejoices at the results so far accomplished.

### The Origin of "O. K."

WHEN the Civil War broke out and the late Cornelius Kendall enlisted, there was a large bakery in Chicago, of which his father, Orrin Kendall, was the founder and head. The organization of the armies made a tremendous demand upon the bakeries for "ship bread" or "hard tack." The firm of O. Kendall & Sons was one of many bakeries that launched extensively into its making, and they stamped "O. K." upon the army bread, just as they had always done upon their crackers. The opinion quickly spread among the soldiers that "O. K." hard tack was a little better than the average. The letters thus became current army slang for approval, and when the war was over the slang symbol, O. K., was carried into civil life and occupations.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES FOR CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25c. a box.

## Make somebody happy with a KODAK.

Christmas, 1910.

Catalog free at the dealers or by mail.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.

## XMAS WATCHES

At Special Prices



Thin model 7 jewel high grade lever movement in beautiful gold-filled 20 year guaranteed case. Ladies' or men's size. Express charges prepaid. Sent for your examination. If you like it pay your express agent \$7.75 which covers everything. Any solid or gold filled pieces of jewelry desired sold at wholesale prices. Send cut or description of same. Any Watch Repaired for \$1.50 including return charges prepaid by mail or express. Address

GRAYSTONE JEWELRY CO., 2747 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

### THE PAN-TOG CHAIR

For \$8.50

A GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING CHAIR.

presses and creases trousers while you sleep. Positively prevents baggy knees. Saves time and money. Made of quartered oak, golden finish, and birch, mahogany finish. When ordering state finish desired. Formerly sold for \$12.50. Shipped same day order is received if remittance accompanies order. Descriptive folder on request.

**CENTRAL MANTEL CO., 1214 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.**

## "LIVING-MUSIC-BOX"

Live arrival at express office guaranteed.

**U. S. PATENT NO. 50853**

This is a special breed of Canaries raised for us in Germany. They are actually educated to sing, having gone through a regular course of training. Singing is different from other canaries. Their Hollow-Rolls, Trills, Bell and Nightingale notes are wonderfully sweet and clear. Words cannot describe the softness and sweetness of their song. They sing during the day as well as evenings.

**Guaranteed Singers \$5**  
Sold on 5 days trial.

**OTHER VARIETIES \$2.50 UP.**

Mr. Geo. Badie, Lebanon, Ky., writes Oct. 12, '10 "Your Canary is well named the 'Living Music Box' as he sings continuously and has the softest, sweetest notes of any canary I ever heard."

Thousands of similar letters on file.

Beware of imitations. Inside wing must be stamped "Living Music Box" or not genuine.

Illustrated Canary Booklet, Catalog and Proofs Free.

**Max Geisler Bird Co., Dep. Z-1, Omaha, Neb.**  
Largest Bird and Pet Animal house in world. Est. 1888

### MISS CUE

The Charming Billiard Girl—in six pretty poses illustrating difficult shots at billiards and pool. No Charge for Booklet showing these pictures in miniature.

Beautiful photographs of the same subjects—size 7 x 12—30c each, \$1.50 for set of six. Your money back on any one or all of them if you ask for it.

**WILLIAM A. SPINKS & COMPANY**  
364 W. Erie Street, Chicago

Manufacturers of Spinks' Self Sticker Cue Tips and of Spinks' Billiard Chalk—for 18 years the chalk of cue experts

To be had of all Dealers

### TRY This Special "505" Razor Free

PREPAID

No fancy trimmings. No useless etchings. THE VALUE is in the Blade.

Made of the finest razor steel, specially selected and built to meet all requirements of a perfect razor, with

**ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE, price \$1.50.** Sold on its merit on 15 days FREE TRIAL. Try it 15 days, if satisfied remit \$1.50. If not satisfied simply return it and you will be under no obligations to us. Mention if you want round or square point. Send name and permanent address to

**FABER RAZOR CO., Dep. 10, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

## SHOP EARLY

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Parker Jack-Knife Safety

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There are only two kinds of fountain pens, the common straight inkfeed type, and the Parker with the curved inkfeed—the Lucky Curve. Straight inkfeeds hold ink when you stop writing, until air, expanded in the reservoir by the heat of the body, forces it into the cap where you find it ready to soil fingers and linen when you remove the cap to write. But the curved inkfeed of the Parker—the Lucky Curve—is self-draining. No ink in the feed, none can be forced into the cap—and this is the patented feature that makes the Parker cleanly and serviceable for a life-time.

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## Parker Jack-Knife Safety Fountain Pen

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The Gillette appeals to his sense of the practical—the mechanical. It is so compact, workmanlike, efficient. It is so all-there and all right. Give him a Gillette and watch his face when he opens the package.

There are all styles, to suit every need and every purse. The case made of metal, morocco grain leather, real seal or English pig skin; the razor silver or gold plated.

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